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SWEDEN.

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T H E
HISTORY
O F
CHARLES XII.
KING of SWEDEN.^K

IN EIGHT BOOKS.



L O N D O N:

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HISTORY

CHARLES XII.

KING OF SWEDEN

IN FIVE BOOKS



By JOHN HENRY WOOD, Esq.
Author of "The History of the
Swedish Nation," &c.
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B O O K I .



CHARLES XII. King of Sweden, a man the most extraordinary, perhaps, that ever appear'd in the world, was born *June 27. 1682.* All the great qualities of his ancestors were united in him; nor had he any other fault or misfortune, but that he carried them beyond all bounds.

At six years old he was taken from the women, and put under the tuition of Mr. *de Nordcopenser*, a wise and understanding man. The first Book he was made to read was *Puffendorf's* introduction to the history of *Europe*, that he might be soon made acquainted with his own dominions, and those of his neighbours. He then learnt the *German* language, which he ever after spoke as well as his mother-tongue. At seven years old he could manage a horse; and the violent exercises he delighted in, and which discover'd his Inclinations to War, laid early the foundations of a vigorous constitution, which enabled

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him

him to support the fatigues his temper led him to undergo.

Though good natur'd in his infancy, he discovered an invincible Obstinacy; the only way to gain upon him was to touch upon his Honour; if they named but glory, they could get any thing from him. He had a great aversion to learning of *Latin* but when they told him, that the Kings of *Poland* and *Denmark* understood it, he soon applied himself to it, and retained so much of it, as to be able to talk it all the rest of his life. They endeavoured to engage him to learn *French* after the same manner; but he could not be prevailed upon, so long as he lived ever to make use of it, not even with the *French* Embassadors, who understood no other language.

As soon as he had some little knowledge in *Latin* they made him read *Quintus Curtius*; and he took a fancy to that book, which the subject inspired him with rather than the style. The person who explained this author to him, having asked him what he thought of *Alexander*, I think, says the Prince that I would be like him: But, says the other, he lived but two and thirty years. Ah! replies he, and is that enough, when one has conquered Kingdoms? They did not fail to carry these answers to the King his father, who, upon hearing them would cry out This child will excel me, and even go beyond the great *Gustavus*. One day he was diverting himself in the King's apartment with looking upon two plans, the one of a town in *Hungary*, taken by the *Turks* from the Emperor, and the other of *Riga* the capital of *Livonia*, a province conquered by the *Swedes* about a century ago. Under the plan of the town of *Hungary* were these words taken from the book of *Job*, The Lord gave it to me, the Lord hath taken from me; blessed be the name of the Lord. The young Prince, upon reading this, straight took a pencil, and wrote under the plan of *Riga*, The Lord hath given

me, and the Devil shall not take it from me. Thus the most indifferent actions of his childhood, some little traces of his resolute disposition would often fall from him, which discovered what he would one day be.

He was eleven Years old when he lost his mother *Ulric Eleonora*, daughter of *Frederick III.* King of *Denmark*, a Princess of great virtue, and worthy of greater confidence than her husband reposed in her.

His father *Charles XI.* died within four years after her, on the 15th of *April 1697*, in the forty second year of his age, and the thirty seventh of his reign.

He left to his son, then fifteen years old, a throne secur'd and respected abroad; subjects poor, but valiant and loyal; a treasury in good order, and managed by able Ministers.

Charles XII. upon his coming to the crown, not only found himself absolute and undisturbed master of *Sweden* and *Finland*, but also of *Livonia*, *Carelia*, and *Ingria*; he was farther possessed of *Wismar*, *Wismurg*, the isles of *Rügen*, *Oesel*, and the most beautiful part of *Pomerania*, with the duchy of *Bremen* and *Verden*, all the conquests of his ancestors, and secured to the crown by long possession, and the solemn treaties of *Munster* and *Oliva*, supported by the terror of the *Swedish* arms. The peace of *Ryswick*, begun under the direction of the father, was concluded under that of the son; and he found himself the mediator of *Europe*, from the moment he began to reign.

The laws of *Sweden* fix the majority of their Kings to the age of fifteen years. But *Charles XI.* who was intirely absolute, put off the majority of his son, by his last will, till he should come to be eighteen; and by this disposition he favoured the ambitious views of his mother *Eduiga Eleonora* of *Holstein*, the dowager of *Charles X.* who was appointed by

the King her son, to be guardian to the young King her grandson, and Regent of the kingdom, in conjunction with a council of five persons.

One day in the month of November, the same year that his father died, when he had been taking a review of several regiments, and Piper the counsellor of state stood by him, the King appeared quite lost in a depth of thought. *May I take the liberty, says Piper to him, of asking your Majesty upon what it is that your thoughts are so seriously imploy'd? I am thinking* answers the King, *that I am capable of commanding those brave Fellows yonder, and don't care that either they or I, should receive orders from a woman.* Piper immediately laid hold of the opportunity of raising his fortune, and knowing his own interest sufficient to venture on so dangerous an enterprize, as removing the Queen from the regency, and hastening the King to majority, he proposed the affair to Count Axel Sparre who was a man of spirit, and sought to make himself considerable: He flattered him with the thought of being made the King's confident, which Sparre very easily believ'd, took the whole upon himself, and laboured for none but Piper. The counsellors of the regency were soon drawn into the scheme, and hastily proceeded to the execution of it, that they might thereby the more readily recommend themselves to the King's esteem.

They went in a body to propose it to the Queen who did not in the least expect such a declaration. The States General were then assembled, and the counsellors of the regency laid the matter before them. They were all unanimous in their approbation, and the point was carried with a rapidity, that nothing could withstand; so that Charles XII. did but wish to reign, and in three days the States conferred the Government upon him. The Queen's power and interest fell in an instant, and she afterwards led a private life, which was more suitable to her age than

ough less to her humour. The King was crown-
ed on the 24th of *December* following. He made
his entry into *Stockholm* upon a sorrel horse, shod
with silver, having a scepter in his hand, and a crown
upon his head, amidst the acclamations of a whole
people, adorers of every novelty, and forming to
themselves great expectations from a young Prince.

The ceremony of the consecration and coronation
belongs to the Archbishop of *Upsal*, and is almost the
only privilege remaining to him among so many as
were claim'd by his predecessors. After having ap-
pointed the King according to custom, whilst he was
holding the crown in his hands, in order to put it
upon his head, *Charles* snatched it hastily from the
Archbishop, and crown'd himself, looking sternly all
the while upon the poor Prelate. The crowd, who
were always easily imposed on by an air of grandeur,
applauded this action of the King. Even those who
had groaned most under the Tyranny of the Fa-
ther, were betray'd into the folly of praising in the
son that stern behaviour which was the Presage of
their slavery.

As soon as *Charles* was become master of the go-
vernment, he gave his ear and the management of
affairs to counsellor *Piper*, who was in reality his first
Minister, though he wanted the name. He soon af-
ter created him a Count, which is a dignity of great
eminence in *Sweden*, and not an empty title, to be
taken up without any consequence.

The beginning of the King's administration did
not raise any favourable ideas of him; he seemed to
be more impatient after rule, than deserving of it.
He had indeed no dangerous passion; but there was
nothing to be observed in his conduct, except the
transports of youth and obstinacy. He appeared
proud and careless of business. Even the Embassa-
dors who resided at his court, took him for a person
of a mean capacity, and represented him as such to

their masters. The *Swedes* had entertained the same opinion of him themselves, so that no one as yet knew his real character; he was not even acquainted with it himself, till the storms, which all once were gathering in the North, furnished him with an opportunity of displaying those great talents which as yet lay conceal'd.

Three powerful Princes taking the advantage of his youth, conspir'd his ruin almost at the same instant. The first was *Frederick IV.* King of *Denmark*; his Cousin; the second *Augustus*, Elector of *Saxony* and King of *Poland*; *Peter the Great*, Czar of *Moscovy*, was the third and the most dangerous.

These then were the Enemies which were preparing altogether to fall upon the infancy of *Charles XII.*

The whispers of these preparations alarmed the King's council, and they deliberated upon them in his presence; and some of them were proposing to divert the storm by negotiations, *Charles* rising from his seat with an air of gravity and resolution, Gentlemen, says he, I am resolv'd never to enter upon an unjust war, nor put an end to a just one but by the destruction of my enemies. My resolution is fixed. I will go attack the first who shall declare against me, and when I have conquer'd him, I may hope to strike a terror in the rest. These words astonished all the old counsellors, they looked upon one another without daring to reply; and at last, ashamed to hope less than the King, they received his orders for the war with admiration.

They were still more surpris'd, when they saw him of a sudden renounce all the most innocent amusements of youth. From the moment he prepared for the war, he enter'd upon a new course of life, from which he never after departed in one single particular. Full of the idea of *Alexander* and *Cæsar*, he propos'd to imitate those two conquerors

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every thing but their vices. He no more admir'd magnificence, sports, and recreations; he reduc'd his Table to the utmost frugality. He had been fond of Gaiety and dress, but was ever after clad like a common soldier. They had suspected him of having entertained a passion for a lady of his court; but whether the suspicion was just or no, 'tis certain he re-nounced all conversation with the women for ever after; not only through fear of becoming a slave to them, but to give the soldiers an example of his resolution to restrain himself to the severest discipline; or it may be, through the vanity of being the sole Prince who knew how to suppress an inclination so difficult to be conquer'd. He determined also to abstain from wine all the rest of his life; not, as has been pretended, to punish himself for an excess, which, as they say, led him into the commission of some irregularities: Nothing is more absolutely false than this vulgar report; he never suffer'd wine to get the mastery over his reason, but it over-heated his constitution, which was warm enough already; he soon after left off beer too, and confined himself to pure water. Besides, sobriety was a virtue till then unknown in the north, and he was desirous of being a model to the *Swedes* in every particular.

He began with assuring his brother-in-law the Duke of *Holstein*, of assistance. Eight thousand men were immediately sent into *Pomerania*, a province not far from *Holstein*, to strengthen the Duke against the attacks of the *Danes*. And the Duke indeed had succeed of them. His Dominions were already ravish'd, the castle of *Gottorp* taken, and the town of *Tönning* pressed by a close siege, to which the King of *Denmark* was come in person, to enjoy a conquest he thought secure. This small spark began to inflame the empire. On one side the *Saxon* troops of the King of *Poland*, those of *Brandenburg*, *Wolfsen-*
büttel,

buttle, and *Hesse-Cassel*, marched to join the *Danes*. On the other, the King of *Sweden*'s eight thousand men, the troops of *Hanover* and *Zell*, and three *Dutch* regiments went to assist the Duke. Whilst the little country of *Holstein* was thus made the theatre of the war, two squadrons, the one from *England*, and the other from *Holland*, appeared in the *Baltick*. These two Estates were guarantees of the treaty of *Altena* which the *Danes* had broken: They were eager to relieve the oppressed Duke, because the interest of their trade was incompatible with the growing power of the King of *Denmark*. They knew the *Dane* if he was once master of the passage of the *Souma* would be tempted to impose hard laws on the trading nations, should he ever be strong enough to do it with safety. And this reason has long engaged the *English* and *Dutch*, as much as possible to hold the balance even between the Princes of the north. They joined themselves to the young King of *Sweden* who seemed ready to be crushed by so many enemies, united together against him, and succoured him for the same reasons the others fell upon him because they thought him incapable of defending himself. In the mean time *Charles* set out for his first campaign on the 8th of *May* new style in the year 1700. He left *Stockholm*, and never after returned thither. An immense body of people attended him as far as *Carelsroon*, offering up their prayers for him, and bursted into tears of admiration. Before he left *Sweden*, he established at *Stockholm* a council of defence, made up of several Senators. This commission was to take care of all that regarded the fleet, the troops and fortifications of the country. The body of the Senate was to regulate every thing besides provisionally within the kingdom. Having thus settled order and regularity in his dominions, his mind, now free from every other care, was bent wholly upon the war. His fleet consisted of the

nd forty vessels; that which carried him, named the King *Charles*, and the biggest they had ever seen, was a ship of an hundred and twenty guns; Count *Piper* his first Minister, General *Renchild*, and the Count de *Guscard*, Ambassador of *France* in *Sweden*, embarked with him. He joined the squadrons of the allies. The *Danish* fleet declined the engagement, and gave the three united fleets the opportunity of drawing so near to *Copenhagen*, as to throw some bombs into the town.

The King then, as in a sudden transport, taking Count *Piper* and General *Renchild* by the hands, And *that*, says he, if we should lay hold of the opportunity of making a descent, and besiege *Copenhagen* by land, whilst it is blocked up by sea? *Renchild* answered, Sir, the great *Gustavus* after fifteen years experience would not have made any other proposition. Orders were immediately given for five thousand men to embark, who lay upon the coast of *Sweden*, and were joined to the troops they had on board. The King quitted his great vessel, and entered into a lighter frigate; and they dispatched three hundred grenadiers in small shallops towards the shore. Among these shallops were small flat-bottom'd boats, which carry'd the *Fascines*, the *beaux de Frize*, and the instruments of the pioneers. Five hundred select men followed after other shallops. Then came the King's men of war, with two *English* frigates and two *Dutch*, which were to favour the descent with their cannon.

Copenhagen, the capital of *Denmark*, is situate in the isle of *Zealand*, in the midst of a beautiful plain, which has the *Sound* on the north-west, and the *Baltick* on the east, where the King of *Sweden* then lay. Upon the unexpected movement of the vessels, which threatened a descent, the inhabitants in a consternation the inactivity of their own fleet, and the motion of the *Swedish* ships, looked round with terror to see

in what place the storm would fall. The fleet Charles stopp'd over against Humblebek within seven miles of Copenhagen. Immediately the Danes drew up their horse to that place. The foot were posted behind thick entrenchments, and what artillery they could get thither was directed against the Swedes.

The King then quitted his frigate, to throw himself into the first shallop, at the head of his guards. The Ambassador of France was constantly at his elbow; Sir, says the King to him in Latin (for he would never speak French) *you have no difference with the Danes, you shall go no farther if you please.* Sir, answered the Count de Guiscard in French, *the King your master has order'd me to attend your Majesty; I flatter myself you will not this day drive me from your court which never before appear'd so splendid.* As he spoke these words, he gave his hand to the King, who leapt into the shallop, whither Count Piper and the Ambassador follow'd him. They advanced under cover of the cannon-ball of the vessels, which favour'd the descent. The small boats were but about a hundred yards off the shore; Charles, impatient of landing, threw himself from the shallop into the sea with his sword in his hand, and the water up to his middle. His Ministers, the Ambassador of France, the officers and soldiers, straight follow'd his example, and march'd to shore amidst a shower of musket-shot, which the Danes discharged. The King who had never in his life before heard a discharge of muskets loaden with ball, asked major Stuart, who stood next him, *What whistling that was which he heard in his ears?* 'Tis the noise of the musket-ball which is fired upon you, says the major. That's right, says the King, *henceforward it shall be my musick.* And the moment the major, who explained the noise to him, received a shot in his shoulder; and a lieutenant on the other side of him fell dead at his feet. It

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equal for troops that are attacked in their entrenchments to be beaten, because the assailants have generally an impetuosity, which the defenders cannot have; besides, to wait for the enemy in one's lines, is generally a confession of one's own weakness, and the other's advantage. The *Danish* Horse and foot took to their heels after a faint resistance. As soon as the King was master of their entrenchments, he fell on his knees to thank God for the first success of his arms. He immediately caused redoubts to be raised towards the town, and himself marked out the encampment. At the same time he sent back his vessels to *Schonen*, a part of *Sweden* not far from *Copenhagen*, for fresh recruits of nine thousand men. Every thing conspired to assist the vivacity of *Charles*. The nine thousand men were upon the shore ready to embark, and the next morning a favourable wind brought them to him.

All this passed within sight of the *Danish* fleet, who durst not venture to interpose. *Copenhagen* in a fright immediately sent deputies to the King, to entreat him not to bombard the town. He received them on horseback at the head of his regiment of guards, and the deputies fell upon their knees before him. He demanded of the town four hundred thousand rix-dollars, with orders to supply his camp with all sorts of provisions, which he promised they should be honestly paid for. They brought him the provisions, because they durst not refuse them, but were in no expectation that the conquerors would be so chaste to pay for them; and those who brought them were astonished to find that they were paid liberally and without delay by the meanest Soldier in the army. There had long reigned in the *Swedish* troops a strict discipline, which contributed not a little to their conquest; and the young King made it still more severe. There was not a soldier that durst to refuse payment for whatever he bought, much.

... less go a marauding, or even stir out of the camp. He would not so much as allow his troops after a victory the privilege of stripping the dead till they had his permission, and easily brought them to the observance of his order. Prayers were constantly said in his camp twice a day, at seven in the morning, and four in the afternoon; and he never failed to be present at them himself, to give his soldiers an example of piety, as well as valour. His camp, which was far better governed than *Copenhagen*, had every thing in abundance; and the country people chose rather to sell their provisions to the enemies the *Swedes* than to their own countrymen who did not pay so well for them. And the townsfolk were more than once obliged to fetch their provisions from the King of *Sweden's* camp, which they wanted in their markets.

The King of *Denmark* was then in *Holstein*, which he seemed to have marched only to raise the siege of *Tonningen*. He saw the *Baltick* covered with his enemies ships, a young conqueror already master of *Zealand*, and ready to take possession of the capital. He published a declaration, that whoever would take up arms against the *Swedes* should have their liberties. This declaration was of great weight in a country where all the peasants, and even many of the townsfolk were slaves. But *Charles XII.* was in no want of an army of slaves. He let the King of *Denmark* know, that he made war for no other reason but to oblige him to make peace; and that he must either resolve to do justice to the Duke of *Holstein*, or make *Copenhagen* destroyed, and his Kingdom put to the point and sword. The *Dane* was too fortunate to have to do with a conqueror, who valued himself upon doing justice. A congress was appointed to meet in the town of *Travendal*, on the frontiers of *Holstein*. The King of *Sweden* would not suffer the artifice of his ministers to protract the negotiations into any length of time.

would have the treaty finished with as much rapidity as he made his descent into *Zealand*. And it was effectually concluded on the 5th of *August*, to the advantage of the Duke of *Holstein*, who was indemnify'd from all the expence of the war, and delivered from oppression. The King of *Sweden* would accept of nothing for himself, being satisfied with having relieved his ally, and humbled his enemy. Thus *Charles XII.* at eighteen years old began and ended his war in less than six weeks.

Precisely at the same time the King of *Poland* laid siege in person to the town of *Riga*, the capital of *Livonia*; and the Czar was upon his march on the spot at the head of an hundred thousand men. *Riga* was defended by the old Count *d'Alberg*, a *Swedish* General, who at the age of fourscore joined all the force of youth to the experience of sixty campaigns. Count *Flemming*, since Minister of *Poland*, a great warrior both in the field and at the council-board, and *Patkul*, carried on the siege under the King's direction; the one with all the activity proper to his character, and the other with the utmost obstinacy of revenge. But notwithstanding several advantages which the besiegers had gained, the experience of the old Count *d'Alberg* rendred all their efforts fruitless, and the King of *Poland* despaired of gaining the town. He at last laid hold of an honourable opportunity of raising the siege. *Riga* was full of merchants goods belonging to the *Dutch*. The States General ordered their Ambassador attending upon King *Augustus*, to make proper representations of it to him. The King of *Poland* did not stand in need of much intreaty. He consented to raise the siege, rather than occasion the most damage to his allies, who were not mightily surprized at this excess of complaisance, as they knew the real cause of it.

No more then remained for *Charles XII.* to do for the finishing his first campaign, than to march against his

his rival in glory, *Peter Alexiowitz*. He was the more enraged against him, as there were still three *Muscovite* Embassadors at *Stockholm*, who were ready to swear to the renewing an inviolable peace. He valued himself upon a severe probity, could not comprehend how a Legislator like the Czar could make a jest of what ought to be held so sacred. The young Prince, full of honour, did not so much dream, that there could be a different morality for Princes and private persons. The Emperor of *Moscovy* published a Manifesto, which he had much better have suppressed. He alledged for a reason of the war, that they had not paid him sufficient honour when he passed *incognito* to *Riga*; and that they had sold provisions too dear to his Embassadors. These were the griefs, for which he ravished *Ingria* with a hundred thousand men.

He appeared before *Narva* at the head of this great army on the first of *October*, in a season more severe in that climate, than the month of *January* is at *Paris*. The Czar, who in such weather would sometimes ride post four hundred leagues to see a mine or canal, spared his troops no more than he spared himself. Besides, he knew that the *Swedes*, ever since the time of *Gustavus Adolphus*, would make war in the depth of winter as well as in summer, and he wanted to accustom the *Muscovites* also to lose all distinction of seasons, and to make them one day at least equal to the *Swedes*. Thus at a time when the frosts and snows oblige other nations in temperate climates to a suspension of arms, the Czar Peter laid siege to *Narva*, within thirty degrees of the pole, and *Charles XII.* was upon his march to relieve it.

The Czar was no sooner arrived before the place than he made haste to put in practice what he had lately learnt abroad in his travels. He drew out his camp, fortified it on all sides, raised redoubts at every

in distances, and opened the trench himself. He had given the command of his army to the Duke of *Croy* a German, and an able General, but at that time very little assisted by the *Muscovite* officers. For himself, he had only the rank of a single lieutenant in his own troops. He judged it necessary to give his nobility an example of military obedience, who 'till then had been undisciplinable, and accustomed to march at the head of ill armed slaves without any experience or order. He had a mind to teach them, that places in the army were to be obtained by services; he began himself with beating a drum, and was raised to an officer by degrees. 'Tis no means to be wondered at, that he who at *Amsterdam* turned carpenter to procure himself fleets, should become a lieutenant at *Narva* to teach his nation the art of war.

The *Muscovites* are strong and indefatigable, and, it may be, as courageous as the *Swedes*; but it requires time to form experienced troops, and discipline to make them invincible. The only good soldiers in the army were thirty thousand *Streletses*, who were in *Muscovy* what the *Janisaries* are in *Turkey*. They were *Barbarians* forced from their forests, and covered over with the skins of wild beasts, some armed with arrows, and others with clubs; few of them had fuses, nor had any of them seen a regular battle; there was not one good canoneer in the whole army. An hundred and fifty cannon, which one would have thought must have soon laid the little town of *Narva* in ashes, were scarce able to make a breach, whilst the artillery of the town destroyed every moment whole ranks in the trenches. *Narva* was almost without fortifications, and Count *Hoon*, who commanded there, had not a thousand regular troops; and yet this immense army was not able to reduce it in ten weeks.

On the 15th of November, the Czar had information that the King of *Sweden*, having crossed the sea with two hundred transports, was upon his march to relieve *Narva*. The *Swedes* were no more than twenty thousand; but the Czar had no advantage except superiority of number. Far therefore from despising his enemy, he employed all the art he knew to oppress him; and, not content with an hundred thousand men, he was getting ready another army to oppose him, and check his progress. He had already given orders for near forty thousand recruits who were coming up from *Plescow* with great expedition. He went in person to hasten their march, that he might meet them in the King between the two armies. Nor was this all; a detachment of thirty thousand men from the camp before *Narva*, were posted at a league's distance from the town, directed in the King of *Sweden*'s road: Twenty thousand *Swedish* letles were placed farther off upon the same road, and five thousand others made up an advanced guard, and he must necessarily force his way thro' the bowels of all these troops before he could reach the camp, which was fortified with a rampart and double fosses. The King of *Sweden* had landed at *Pernaw* in the Gulf of *Riga* with about sixteen thousand foot, and a few more than four thousand horse.

From *Pernaw* he had made a precipitate march as far as *Revel*, followed by all his horse, and only five thousand of his foot. But he still kept on his march without waiting for the rest of his troops; and so found himself with his eight thousand men only before the first posts of the enemy. He without hesitation attacked them one after another without giving them time to learn with how small a number they had to engage. The *Muscovites* seeing the *Swedes* come upon them, made no doubt but they had a whole army to encounter with; and the advanced guard of five thousand men immediately

on their approach. The twenty thousand beyond
 em, terrified with the sight of their countrymen,
 made no resistance; and carried their consternation
 and confusion among the thirty thousand, who were
 stted within a league of the camp; and the pannick
 zing upon them too, they retired to the main bo-
 of the army without striking a blow. These
 ee posts were carried in two days and an half;
 d what upon other occasions would have been rec-
 ned three victories, did not retard the King's
 arch the space of one hour. He appeared then at
 t with his eight thousand men, wearied with the
 igues of so long a march, before a camp of an
 ndred thousand *Muscovites*, with an hundred and fif-
 pieces of brass cannon in their front: And he
 rce allow'd them any time for rest, before he gave
 orders for the attack without delay.

The signal was *two fuses*, and the word in *German*,
with the aid of God. A general officer having repre-
 sented to him the great hazard of the attempt, *What*,
s he, do you make any question whether I with my
st thousand brave Swedes shall not rout a hundred
ousand Muscovites? But upon reflection, fearing
 ere was too much ostentation in what he had said,
 ran after the officer in a moment, *And are not you*,
s he, of the same opinion? have not I a double advan-
e over the enemy; the one, that their horse can be of
service to them, and the other, that the place being
it, their great number will only incommode them, and
s in reality I shall be stronger than they? The officer
 not think fit to differ from him, and thus they
 marched against the *Muscovites* about noon on the 30th
 November 1700.

As soon as the Cannon of the *Swedes* had made a
 breach in the entrenchments, they advanc'd with their
 onets at the end of their fuses, well loaded with
 , which they furiously discharged upon their ene-
 es. The *Muscovites* stood their fire for half an

hour, without quitting their posts. The King attack'd the Czar's quarter, which lay on the other side of the camp, and was in hopes of a rencounter as not knowing that the Emperor was gone in quest of the forty thousand men, who were daily expected. Upon the first discharge of the enemy's shot the King received a ball in his left shoulder, but grazed only in a slight manner upon the flesh; his activity even hindred him from perceiving that he was wounded. Presently after his horse was killed under him. A second had his head carry'd off by a cannon ball. And as he was nimbly mounting a third, *These fellows*, says he, *make me exercise*, and then he went on to engage and give orders with the same presence of mind as before. Within three hours the entrenchments were carried on all sides. The King pursued the right of the enemy as far as the river of *Narva*, with his left wing, if one might properly call by that name, about four thousand men who were in pursuit of near fifty thousand. The bridge broke under them as they fled, and the river was in a moment covered with the dead. The Russians in despair returned to their camp, without knowing whither they went; and finding certain barracks they took their posts behind them. There they defended themselves for a while, as not knowing how to make their escape. But at last their generals *Horowsky*, *Gollowin*, and *Fedorowitz*, surrender'd themselves to the King, and laid their arms at his Majesty's feet. And in the instant they were offering them, came up the Duke of *Croy*, the General of the army, and surrender himself with thirty officers.

Charles receiv'd all these prisoners of distinction with as easy a politeness, and as obliging an air, if he had been to pay them the honours of an entertainment in his own court. He put only the general officers under a guard; all the subaltern officers and soldiers were disarm'd and conducted to the

er of *Narva*, where they were furnished with boats to carry them over, and return them back to their own homes. In the mean time night came on, and the right wing of the *Muscovites* still continued fighting. The *Swedes* had not lost fifteen hundred men; eighteen thousand *Muscovites* had been killed in their trenchments; a great number was drowned; many had passed the river; but still there remained enough in the camp to exterminate the *Swedes* even to the last man. But it is not the number of the dead, but the terror of those who survive, that gives the finishing stroke to the victories. The King employed the small remains of the day in seizing upon the enemy's artillery. He posted himself to advantage between their camp and the town, and there slept some hours on the ground, wrapt up in his cloak, expecting to fall at day-break upon the left wing of the enemy, which was not yet entirely routed. But at two o' Clock in the morning General *Wade*, who commanded that wing, having heard of the gracious reception the King had given to the other Generals, and how he had sent home all the subaltern officers and soldiers, desired he would grant him the same favour. The Conqueror made answer, *That he should have it, if he would draw near at the head of his troops, and lay-down his arms and colours at his feet.* The General appeared soon after with his *Muscovites*, to the number of about thirty thousand. They marched soldiers and officers, with their heads uncovered, across less than seven thousand *Swedes*. The soldiers as they passed before him, threw down their fuses and swords upon the ground, and the officers presented him with their ensigns and colours. He caused the whole multitude to cross the river, without retaining a single soldier prisoner. If he had put them under guard, the number of the prisoners would at least have been five times greater than that of the conquerors.

He

He then entered victorious into *Narva*, attended by the duke of *Croy* and the other general officers of the *Muscovites*. He ordered their swords to be restored to them; and being informed, they wanted money, and that the tradesmen of *Narva* refused to trust them, he sent the Duke of *Croy* a thousand ducats, and every *Muscovite* officer five hundred, who could never sufficiently admire the civility of their treatment, of which they could not form to themselves the least idea. Immediately a relation of the victory was drawn up at *Narva*, to be sent to *Stockholm* and the allies of *Sweden*, but the King cut off with his own hand whatever was reported too much to his own advantage, or to the detriment of the Czar. His modesty could not hinder their striking at *Stockholm* several medals to perpetuate the memory of these events. Among the rest they struck one, which represented him on the one side standing on a pedestal, to which were chained a *Muscovite*, a *Dane*, and a *Polander*; and on the reverse an *Hercules* arm'd with his club, treading upon a *Cerberus*, with this inscription, **TRES UNO CONTUDIT ICTU.**

Among the prisoners taken at the battle of *Narva* there was one, who was a great instance of the revolutions of fortune. He was the eldest son and heir to the King of *Georgia*. They call him the *Czarrafis*, a name which signifies Prince, or son of Czar amongst all the *Tartars*, as well as in *Muscovy*. For the word Czar signified King among the antient *Scythians*, from whom all these people are descended, and is by no means derived from the *Cesars* of *Rome*, so long unknown to these *Barbarians*. His father *Mitelleski Czar*, who was master of the most beautiful part of the country, situate between the mountains of *Ararat* and the eastern coasts of the *Black Sea*, had been driven from his kingdom by his own subjects in 1688, and chose rather to throw himself into the

the arms of the Emperor of *Muscovy*, than apply to the *Turks*. This King's son, at nineteen years of age, attended upon *Peter* the Great, in his expedition against the *Swedes*, and was taken fighting by some inland soldiers, who had already stripped him, and were upon the point of killing him. Count *Renschild* rescued him from their hands, supplied him with cloaths, and presented him to his master. *Charles* sent him to *Stockholm*, where the unfortunate Prince died some few years after. Upon his taking leave, the King could not avoid making aloud, in the hearing of his officers, a natural reflection upon the strange fate of an *Asiatick* Prince born at the foot of mount *Caucasus*, who was going to live a prisoner among the snows of *Sweden*. *It is*, says he, *as if I was to be one day a prisoner among the Crim Tartars*. These words at that time made no impression, but were afterwards but too much thought on, when the event had confirmed the prediction.

The Czar was advancing by long marches with an army of forty thousand *Russians*, in expectation of surrounding his enemy on all sides. In the mid-way he had intelligence of the battle of *Narva*, and the dispersion of his whole camp. He judged it not convenient with his forty thousand, raw and undisciplined, to engage with a conqueror, who had lately destroyed an hundred thousand intrenched in their camp. He returned back from whence he came, still pursuing his resolution of disciplining his troops, at the same time that he civilized his subjects. *I know*, says he, *the Swedes will long beat us, but in time they will teach us to beat them*. *Muscow*, his capital, was in the utmost terror and desolation, at the news of this defeat. And so great was the pride and ignorance of the people, that they could not be persuaded but that they had been conquered by more than human power, and that the *Swedes* had been victorious by the force of magick. This opinion was so general, that
publick

publick prayers were ordered to be put up to St. Nicholas, the patron of Muscovy, upon the occasion. The form was too singular to be here omitted. It runs thus.

O thou, who art our perpetual comforter in all our adversities, great St. Nicholas, infinitely powerful, by whose sin have we offended thee in our sacrifices, genuflections, bowings and thanksgivings, that thou hast thus forsaken us. We have implored thy assistance against these terrible, insatiate, enraged, dreadful, insuperable destroyers, when lions and bears, who have lost their young, they have fallen upon us, terrified, wounded, and slain by thousands us who are thy people. As it is impossible this should have happened without diabolical influence and enchantment, we beseech thee, O great St. Nicholas, to be our champion and standard-bearer, to deliver us from this troop of sorcerers and drive them far off from our coasts, with the recompence that is due unto them.

Whilst the Muscovites were thus complaining of their defeat to St. Nicholas, Charles XII. returned thanks to God, and prepared himself for fresh victories.

The End of the First Book.

THE

THE
HISTORY

O F.

CHARLES XII.

KING of SWEDEN.

BOOK II.

THE King of *Poland* with reason expected, that his enemy, already victorious over the *Danes* and the *Muscovites*, would come next vent his fury on him. He entered into a league more strict than ever with the Czar, and the two Princes agreed upon an interview, the better to concert their measures. They met at *Birsen*, a small town in *Lithuania*, without any of those formalities, which serve only to retard business, and were neither agreeable to their situation nor their humour. They staid fifteen days together in the enjoyment of several extravagant pleasures; for the Czar, amidst his cares for the reformation of his Kingdom, could never correct in himself his dangerous inclination to idleness.

Count *Piper*, the King of *Sweden*'s principal minister, had the first information of the interview intended between the Emperor of *Muscovy* and the King of *Poland*. He advised his master to oppose to their measures, a little of that policy which he had hitherto too

too much disregarded. *Charles XII.* listened to him and for the first time gave consent to the use of intriguing, a practice so frequent in other courts. There was in the *Swedish* troops a young *Scotch* gentleman, who was one of those that leave their country, where they are very poor, in a lucky season and are to be met with in all the armies of *Europe*. He spoke the *German* tongue extremely well, and could easily accommodate himself to whatever he should undertake. Him therefore they chose to be a spy upon the conferences of the two Kings. He applied himself to the Colonel of the regiment of *Saxon* horse, who were to serve as guards to the *Czar* during the interview. He passed for a gentleman of *Brandenbourg*, and his address and certain well placed sums easily procured him a lieutenancy in the regiment. When he came to *Birsien* he artfully insinuated himself into the familiarity of the secretaries of the ministers, and was made a party in all their pleasures; and whether it was that he took the advantage of their indiscretion over a bottle, or that he gained them by presents, but he certainly drew from them all the secrets of their masters, and made him to give an account of them to *Charles XII.*

The King of *Poland* had engaged to furnish the *Czar* with fifty thousand *German* troops, which were to hire of several Princes, and the *Czar* was to pay for. And he on the other hand was to send fifty thousand *Muscovites* into *Poland*, to be trained to war, and promised to pay King *Augustus* the millions of † rixdollars within the space of ten years. This treaty, if it had been executed, might have proved fatal to the King of *Sweden*. 'Twas a ready and certain way to make the *Muscovites* good soldiers; and perhaps it was forging chains for the part of *Europe*.

† A rixdollar is worth about as much as a *French* crown or three *Livres*.

Charles XII. used his utmost endeavours to prevent the King of Poland from reaping the benefit of this treaty. After he had passed the winter at Narva, he appeared in Livonia near that very town of *Reval*, which King *Augustus* had so unsuccessfully besieged. The Saxon troops were posted along the river *Duna*, which is very broad in that place, and Charles was to dispute the passage as he lay on the other side the river. The Saxons were not commanded by their Prince, who then lay sick, but were led by *Ferdinand Duke of Courland*, one of the best Princes in the north, and *Mareschal Stenau*, an officer of reputation. The King of Sweden had formed the plan of the passage, he was about to attempt. He caused great boats to be made after a new manner, whose sides were far higher than ordinary, and could be lifted up or let down, like a draw-bridge. When lifted up, they covered the troops they carried; and when let down, they served as a bridge to land by. He made use likewise of another stratagem. Having observed that the wind blew directly from the north, where he lay, to the south, where his enemies were incamped, he set fire to a great heap of wet straw, which spreading a thick smoke over the river, hindered the Saxons from seeing the troops, or judging what he was about to do. By means of this cloud he sent out barks laden with more of the same smoking straw, so that the cloud increased, and being driven by the wind directly in the face of his enemies, it made it impossible for them to know whether he was upon his passage or not. He alone conducted the execution of his scheme, and being got into the midst of the river, *Well*, says he to General *Renchild*, *the Duna will be as good to us as the sea of Copenhagen; take my word for it, General, I shall beat them.* He got to the other side in a quarter of an hour, and was vexed to find that three people had leapt ashore before him. He immediately

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landed

landed his cannon, and drew up his troops before the enemy, who were quite blinded with smoke and could not make any opposition but by a few random shot. And the wind having dispersed the mist, the Saxons saw the King of Sweden already upon his march against them.

Mareschal *Stenau* lost not a moment, but at the first appearance of the *Swedes* fell furiously upon them with the best part of his Horse. The violent shock of that troop falling upon the *Swedes* in the instant they were forming their battallions, threw them into disorder. They gave way, were broken, and pursued even into the river. The King of Sweden rallied them in a moment in the midst of the water, with as much ease, as if he had been making a review. The soldiers then, marching more close than before, beat back Mareschal *Stenau*, and advanced into the plain. The Duke of *Courland* finding his troops in consternation, made them retire very dexterously to a dry place, flanked with a morass, and a wood where his artillery lay. The advantage of the ground and the time he had given the *Saxons* to recover from their first surprize, restored them to their courage. *Charles* immediately fell upon them, having with him fifteen thousand men, and the Duke of *Courland* about twelve thousand. The battle was rough and bloody; the Duke had two horses killed under him and thrice penetrated into the midst of the King's guard; but being at last beat off his horse with a blow from a musket, his army fell into confusion and disputed the victory no longer. His cuirassier carried him off with great difficulty, all over bruised and half dead, from the thickest of the fight, and from under the Horses heels, which trampled on him.

The King of Sweden upon this victory makes haste to *Mittau*, the capital of *Courland*, and takes it. All the towns in the Duchy surrender to him at discretion.

son: It was rather a journey than a conquest. He passed without delay into *Lithuania*, and conquered where-ever he came. And he found a pleasing satisfaction, as he owned himself, when he entered the town of *Birsen* in triumph, where the King of *Poland* and the Czar had plotted his destruction but a few months before.

It was in this place that he laid the design of de-throning the King of *Poland* by the hands of the *Polish* themselves. As he was one day at table, wholly taken up with the thoughts of this enterprize, and observing his usual sobriety, in a profound silence, appearing, as it were, buried in the greatness of his conceptions; a *German* Colonel, who waited upon him, said loud enough to be heard, that the deals which the Czar and the King of *Poland* had made in the same place were something different from those of his Majesty. Yes, says the King rising, and I shall the more easily spoil their digestion.

The usual guard of *Poland* is an army which ought always to subsist at the expence of the republick. It is made up of two bodies independent of each other; under two different Grand Generals. The first body is that of *Poland*, and should consist of six and thirty thousand men; the second to the number of twelve thousand is that of *Lithuania*. The two Grand Generals are independent of each other; and though they be nominated by the King, they never give an account of their actions to any but the republick, and have a supream authority over their troops. The colonels are absolute masters of their regiments, and it belongs to them to procure them sustenance as they can, and pay them. But as they are seldom paid themselves, they lay waste the country, and ruin the husbandmen to satisfy their own greediness, and that of their soldiers. The *Polish* Lords appear in these armies with more magnificence than in their towns, and their tents are bet-

ter furnished than their houses. The horse which makes up two thirds of the army, is almost all composed of gentlemen, and is remarkable for the gracefulness of the riders, the beauty of the horses, and the richness of the accoutrements and harness.

Their *Gens d'Armes* especially, which they distinguish into *Houffarts* and *Pancernes*, march always attended by several valets, who lead their horses, which have ornamented bridles with plates of silver and silver nails, embroidered saddles, saddle-bows and stirrups gilt, and sometimes made of massy silver, with large housings trailing after the *Turkish* manner, whose magnificence the *Poles* strive to imitate as much as they can.

But how gorgeous soever the cavalry might appear, the foot were as wretched and ragged, ill-clothed and ill-armed, without proper furniture or any thing uniform; and yet these foot, who resemble the ragabond *Tartars*, support hunger and cold, fatigue and all the weights of war, with incredible resolution.

One may still observe in the *Polish* soldiers the character of the ancient *Sarmata* their ancestors, little discipline, the same fury in the assault, the same readiness to run away and return to the battle, and the same cruel disposition to slaughter, when they are conquerors.

The King of *Poland* at first flattered himself that in his necessity these two armies would fight for him, that the *Polish* *Pospolite* would arm at his order, and that all these forces joined to the *Saxons* his subjects and the *Muscovites* his allies, would make a body, before which the small number of the *Swedes* would not venture to appear. But he saw himself almost on a sudden deprived of these succours by the very care he had taken to have them all together.

Accustomed in his hereditary dominions to absolute power, he too readily supposed that he could govern in *Poland* as in *Saxony*. The beginning of his reign raised malecontents. His first proceedings provoked the party which had opposed his election, and alienated almost all the rest. The *Poles* murmured to see their towns filled with *Saxon* garçons, and their frontiers with *Muscovite* troops. The nation far more jealous of maintaining their own liberty, than concerned in disturbing their neighbours, did not look upon King *Augustus*' war with *Sweden*, and the invasion of *Livonia*, as an enterprize advantageous to the Republick. 'Tis not an easy matter to render a free nation from discerning their true interests. The *Poles* perceiving, that if this war undertaken without their consent should prove unsuccessful, their country lying open on all sides, would become a prey to the King of *Sweden*; and if it should succeed, they should be subdued by their own King, who being then master of *Livonia*, as well as *Saxony*, would enslave *Poland*, as it lies between those two countries, which are filled with fortified places. In this alternative, either of becoming slaves to the King whom they had elected, or of being ravished by *Charles XII.* who was justly incensed, they only raised an outcry against the war, which they judged should be rather declared against themselves, than against *Sweden*; and they looked upon the *Saxons* and *Muscovites* as the instruments of their chains. Upon the success of *Sweden*'s defeating all that had opposed his progress, and advancing with a victorious army into the Heart of *Lithuania*, they clamoured loud against their sovereign, and with so much the more freedom, because he was unfortunate.

Lithuania was then divided into two parties, that of the Princes *Sapieha*, and that of *Oginsky*. These two factions had begun from private quarrels, and were generated into a civil war. The King of *Sweden*

drew over to his interest the Princes *Sapieha*; and *Oginsky*, being but badly assisted by the *Saxons*, found his party almost extinguished. The *Lithuanian* army, which these troubles and want of money had reduced to a small number, was in part dispersed by the conqueror. The few who held out for the King of *Poland*, were separated into small bodies of wandering troops, which over-ran the country, and subsisted by spoil. So that *Augustus* beheld nothing in *Lithuania*, but the weakness of his own party, the hatred of his subjects, and the army of the enemy conducted by a young prince, incensed, victorious and implacable.

There was indeed an army in *Poland*, but instead of six and thirty thousand men, the number prescribed by the laws, it consisted but of eighteen thousand. And it was not only ill-paid and ill-armed, but the Generals were undetermined what course they should take.

The King's best refuge was to order the Nobility to follow him; but he durst not expose himself to refusal, which would have too much discovered his weakness, and consequently increased it.

In this state of trouble and uncertainty, all the *Polatinates* of the Kingdom demanded a Diete of the King; in like manner as in *England* in times of difficulty, all the bodies of the State present addresses to the King, to desire him to call a Parliament. *Augustus* stood more in need of an army than a Diete, where the actions of Kings are examined. He was obliged however to call one, that he might not exasperate the nation beyond a possibility of reconciliation. A Diete therefore was appointed to meet at *Warsaw* on the second of December 1701. And he soon perceived that *Charles XII.* had at least as much power in the Assembly as himself. Those who held for the *Sapieha*, the *Lubomirsky* and their friends, the *Ralatine Lecfmsky* Treasurer of the Crown, and about

the partizans of the Princes *Sobiesky*, were all secretly attached to the King of Sweden.

The most considerable enemy the King of Poland, was Cardinal *Radjousky*, Archbishop of *Gnesna*, Primate of the Kingdom, and President of the Diete.

He was a man full of artifice and reserve in his conduct; entirely governed by an ambitious woman, whom the Swedes called *Madame la Cardinale*, who never ceased to push him on to intrigue and faction.

The Primate's talent lay chiefly in making his advantage of the conjunctures which fell in his way, without endeavouring to give rise to them. He would

appear unresolved when he was most absolutely determined in his projects, seeking always to gain his ends by ways which seemed most opposite to them.

King *John Sobiesky*, the predecessor of *Augustus*, had formerly made him Bishop of *Warmerlandt*, and Vice-Chancellor of the Kingdom. And *Radjousky*, whilst

private Bishop, obtained the Cardinal's hat by the favour of the same Prince. This dignity soon opened

him the way to the primacy; and this uniting his person whatever is apt to impose upon others, was in a condition to intrigue with impunity.

Upon the death of *John* he used his utmost endeavours to place Prince *James Sobiesky* upon the throne; but the torrent of hatred they bore to the

other, though so great a man as he was, set aside his person. The Cardinal Primate then joined with the

Comte de Polignac, Embassador of *France*, to give the crown to the Prince of *Conti*, who in reality was

rejected, but the money and troops of *Saxony* got the mastery of his eloquence. He at last suffered himself to be drawn into the party, which crowned the Election of *Saxony*, and waited with impatience for an opportunity to sow division between the nation and

the new King. The victories of *Charles XII.* protector of Prince *James Sobiesky*, the civil war of *Lithuania*, the general

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disaffections of all mens minds to King *Augustus* gave the Cardinal hopes that the time was now come when he might be able to send back *Augustus* into *Saxony*, and open to the son of King *John* the way to the throne. This Prince, before, the innocent object of the *Poles* hate, was now become the idol from the time that King *Augustus* grew out of favour; but he durst not indulge himself in the thoughts of so great a revolution; and yet the Cardinal had insensibly laid the foundations of it.

He at first seemed desirous of reconciling the King with the Republick: He sent circular letters dictated in appearance by the spirit of concord and charity, usual and noted snares, but such as never fail to entrap. He wrote a pathetick letter to the King of *Sweden* conjuring him in the name of him, whom all Christians equally adore, to give peace to *Poland* and her King. *Charles XII.* answered the Cardinal's intentions more than his words. In the mean time he remained in the great Duchy of *Lithuania* with his victorious army, declaring that he would not disturb the Diete; that he made war against *Augustus* and the *Saxons*, and not against *Poland*; and that far from designing any thing against the Republick, he came to rescue it from oppression. These letters and their answers were for the publick. The emissaries which went and came continually from the Cardinal to Count *Piper*, and the private assemblies held at the prelate's house, were the springs that moved the Diete. They proposed to send an Embassy to *Charles XII.* and required with one consent of the King, that he should bring no more *Muscovites* upon their frontiers, and that he should send back the *Saxon* troops.

The bad fortune of *Augustus* had already done what the Diete demanded of him. The league secretly concluded with the *Muscovites* at *Birsen* was become as insignificant, as at first it had appeared formidable.

was far from being able to send the Czar the fifty thousand *Germans* he had promised to raise in the empire. The Czar himself, a dangerous enemy to Poland, was at that time not very eager to assist with all his forces a divided Kingdom, from whence he was in hopes of reaping some spoils. He contented himself with sending twenty thousand *Muscovites* into *Lithuania*, who did more mischief there than the *Swedes*, flying continually before the conqueror, and ravaging the lands of the *Poles*, till at last being pursued by the *Swedish* Generals, and finding nothing more to pillage, they returned by shoals to their own country. As for the scattered remains of the *Saxon* army beaten at *Riga*, King *Augustus* sent them to winter and recruit in *Saxony*, that this sacrifice, however involuntary, might soften the rage of the incensed *Poles*.

The war was then changed into intrigue, and the Diete divided into almost as many factions as there were Palatines. One day the interests of King *Augustus* prevail'd, and the next were proscribed. Every body cried out for liberty and justice, but nobody knew what it was to be just or free. The time was spent in caballing in secret, and haranguing in publick. The Diete neither knew what they could, nor what they should, do. Great companies would agree upon proper counsels in times of civil wars, because the bold men in such assemblies are generally factious, and the men of probity timorous. The Diete broke up in disorder on the 17th of February 1702, after three months of caballing and irresolution. The Senators, who are the Palatines and Bishops, remained at *Warsaw*. The Senate of *Poles* have a right to make laws provisionally, which the Dietes seldom disannul. This body being not numerous, and used to business, was far less tumultuous, and came to a determination more quickly.

They

They agreed to send the embassy to the King of Sweden proposed in the Diete, that the *Pospolite* should mount their horses, and be ready upon all events. They made several regulations to appease the troubles in *Lithuania*, and still more to diminish the King's authority, tho' they had less reason to be afraid of him than that of *Charles*.

Augustus chose rather to receive hard laws from his conqueror than his subjects. He determined to ask peace of the King of Sweden, and would have concluded a private treaty with him. But he was obliged to conceal this step from the Senate, who he look'd upon as an enemy still more untractable. As the affair was delicate, he intrusted it wholly to the Countess of *Konismar*, a Swedish lady of great beauty to whom he was then attached. This lady, who was so famous in the world for her wit and beauty, was more capable than any minister whatever to procure success to a negotiation. Besides, as she had an estate in *Charles XII*'th's dominions, and had liv'd long in his court, she had a plausible pretence of waiting upon him. She came then to the Swedish camp in *Lithuania*, and streight apply'd her self to Count *Palmstein*, who too lightly promised her an audience of his master. The Countess, among the perfections which rendered her one of the most agreeable persons in *Europe*, had a singular talent of speaking the languages of several countries, which she had never seen, with as much propriety as if she had been born among them. She would sometimes amuse her self with writing French verses, which might easily have been mistaken for the composition of a person brought up at *Versailles*. She made some for *Charles XII*. which ought not to be forgotten in this story. She introduced the fabulous Gods, commending his different virtues; and the piece concluded thus, which (being render'd into *English*) is,

*Hero's acts while other Gods proclaim,
praise, and promise him immortal fame;
sit Bacchus, and the Queen of Love.*

All her wit and charms were lost upon such a
as the King of Sweden, and he constantly refused
to see her. But as he frequently rode out to
the air, she resolved to speak to him upon the
And accordingly meeting him one day in a
low road, she alighted out of her coach, as soon
as she saw him. The King made her a low bow,
without speaking one word to her, turned the bridle
on his horse, and rode back in an instant. So that
the Countess of Konismar gained no other advantage
on her journey, but the satisfaction of believing
that the King of Sweden feared no body but her.
The King of Poland was therefore obliged to throw
himself into the arms of the Senate. He made them
propose by the Palatine of Mariembourg; that
they should leave to him the disposition
of the army of the Republick, whom he would
in two quarters advance out of his own reve-
nues and the other, that they should allow him
to bring twelve thousand Saxons back into Poland.
The Cardinal Primate gave an answer as severe, as
the answer of the King of Sweden. He told the Pa-
latine of Mariembourg in the name of the Assembly,
that they were resolved to send an embassy to Charles XII.
that their business now was to reconcile the King with Po-
land and Sweden; that it would be of no service to pay
him an army, which would not fight for him, without orders
from the Republick; and for the Saxons, he would advise
Charles to bring none into Poland.

The King in this extremity was desirous of pre-
serving at least the appearance of the royal authority.
He sent one of his Chamberlains to Charles, to know
in what place, where and how his Swedish Majesty would
receive

receive the embassy of the King his master and the Republick. They had unhappily neglected to demand a pass-port for his Chamberlain to the *Swedes*. And the King of *Sweden* imprisoned him, instead of giving him audience, and said that he expected to receive an embassy from the Republick, and not from King *Augustus*.

Charles then leaving garrisons behind him in some towns of *Lithuania*, advanced beyond *Grodno*, a place famous in *Europe* for the Dietes that are held there, but ill built and worse fortified.

At some miles from *Grodno* he met the embassy of the Republick, which consisted of five Senators. *Tadeusz Waiwode Galesky*, and Count *Tarlo* who since died in *France*, were appointed to deliver it. The King gave them audience in his tent, with a pomp which he always disdained, but then thought necessary. A Lieutenant General with an hundred drabans on horseback, who are the guards of the King of *Sweden*, went to meet the ambassadors; they lighted off the horses within fifty foot of the royal tent, and were conducted between two lines of guards under arms to a great antichamber. A Major General introduced them from thence into a very large chamber where the ceiling, floors, and walls, were all covered with *Persian* Tapestry. The King received them on a throne. He rose and took off his hat upon their first bowing; and then the King and the ambassadors being covered, the *Waiwode* spoke first, and Count *Tarlo* after him. Their discourses were full of caution and obscurity; they did not once pronounce the name of the King of *Poland*, as they were determined neither to speak in his favour, nor openly to complain of him, but only left him to guess at what they thought not proper to explain. *Charles* treated each Ambassador in private with friendship and confidence. But when he came to give his answer to the Republick which sent the

which did not enter into his measures with a mission so ready as he expected, he told them by *Munt Piper*, that he would give an answer at War-

The same day he marched towards that town. His march was preceded by a *Manifesto*, which the Cardinal and his party spread over *Poland* in eight days. By this writing *Charles* invited all the *Poles* to their revenge with his, and pretended to shew their interests and his were the same. They were notwithstanding very different; but the *Manifesto* supported by a great party, by the disorder of the Senate, and the approach of the conqueror, made strong impressions. They were obliged to own *Charles* for their Protector, since he was resolved to be so, and it was well for them, that he contented himself with that title.

The Senators who opposed *Augustus*, published a writing aloud even before his face, and the few who adhered to him, kept silence. At last, when they heard that *Charles* was advancing by long marches, they all prepared in confusion to depart; the Cardinal left *Warsaw* one of the first; and the major part followed hastily; some fled to their own countseats waiting to see how things would terminate, and others to arm their friends. There remained with the King only the Embassadors of the Emperor and the Czar, the Pope's *Nuncio*, and some Bishops and Palatines, who were attached to his fortune. He was forced to fly, and nothing had been decided in his favour. Before his departure he made haste to hold a Council with the small number of Senators, which still represented the Senate. But how zealous soever they were for his service, they were still *Poles*, and had all conceived so great an aversion to the *Saxon* troops, that they durst not allow him the liberty of bringing above six thousand men from thence for his defence; and they

they farther voted, that these six thousand men should be commanded by the Grand General of *Poland*, and immediately sent home after the conclusion of peace. As to the armies of the republick, they left the disposition of them to him.

Upon this resolution of the Council the King of *Warsaw*, being too weak to oppose the enemy, and little satisfied with the conduct of his own party. He straight published his orders for assembling the *Pospolite*, and armies which were for any thing but a bare name. There was nothing to be hoped for out of *Lithuania*, where the *Suedes* were posted. And the army of *Poland* reduced to a small number of troops, wanted arms, provisions, and good will. The greatest part of the Nobility were intimidated, unresolved, or ill-disposed, and confined themselves to their own houses: Their King in vain though authorized by the laws of the State, gave orders under the pain of death to every gentleman in the country to appear on horseback and follow him. It was now become a dispute, whether they owed him obedience. His chief dependance was on the troops of his Electorate, where the former government, being intirely absolute, left him under no apprehensions of being disobey'd. He had already privately given orders for twelve thousand *Saxons* who were upon their march with all possible speed. He farther recalled the eight thousand he had promised to the Emperor to assist him in his wars against *France*, and which in the necessity he was reduced to, he was obliged to withdraw. This introduction of so many *Saxons* into *Poland*, was a sure means of alienating all mens affections; as it was a violation also of the law made by his own party, which allowed him but six thousand: But he knew well, that if he was conqueror, they durst not complain; and if he was conquered, they would not forgive his having introduced even six thousand.

While these soldiers were marching up in troops, while he was flying from Palatinate to Palatinate, to assemble the Nobility that adhered to him, the King of Sweden at last arrived before *Warsaw*, on the 10th of May 1702. The gates were opened to him on the first summons. He sent away the *Polish* garrison, dismissed the city guard, every where posted his own guards, ordered the inhabitants to lay down their arms, and content with having disarmed them, and not willing to exasperate them, he demanded no more of them than a contribution of one hundred thousand livres. King *Augustus* was then assembling together his forces at *Cracow*, and was much surprised to see the Cardinal Primate one of the company. That man, whose heart burnt within him to finish the work he had begun, pretended to make up the decency of his character to the last, and addressed his King with all the respectful behaviour of a good subject. He told him that the King of Sweden appeared disposed to a reasonable accommodation, and humbly begged leave that he might see him. King *Augustus* granted him what he did not refuse, that is, the liberty of doing him a mischief.

The Cardinal Primate, thus covering the baseness of his conduct, by the addition of treachery, made it his business to visit the King of Sweden, before whom he had never yet ventured to present himself. He saw his Majesty at *Praag*, not far from *Warsaw*, but without the ceremonies, which had been used towards the Embassadors of the Republick. He found the Emperor clad in a coat of coarse blue cloath, with brass buttons gilt, jack-boots, and buff-skin gloves reaching up to his elbows, in a room without hangings, in company with the Duke of *Holstein* his brother-in-law, Count *Piper* his first Minister, and several general officers. The King advanced some steps to meet the Cardinal, and they had a conference to-

gether standing, of about a quarter of an hour, when *Charles* put an end to by saying aloud, *I will not give the Poles peace, till they have elected another King.* The Cardinal, who waited for this declaration, immediately signified it to all the Palatinates, assuring them he was extremely concerned at it, and at the same time laying before them the necessity of complying with the Conqueror.

Upon this news the King of *Poland* saw plainly that he must either lose his crown or preserve it by arms; and he used his utmost efforts to succeed in that great decision. All his *Saxon* troops were removed from the frontiers of *Saxony*. The Nobility of the Palatinate of *Cracow*, where he still remained, came in a body to offer him their services. He personally exhorted every one of these gentlemen to remember the oaths they had taken, and they assured him that they would spill the last drop of their blood in his defence. Fortified with these succours, and the troops which were called the army of the crown, he went for the first time to seek in person the King of *Sweden*; and he was not long before he found him, for he was already marching against him towards *Cracow*.

The two Kings met on the 19th of *July* 1704 in a large plain near *Cliffau*, between *Warsaw* and *Cracow*. *Augustus* had near four and twenty thousand men, and *Charles XII.* not above twelve thousand. The battle began with the playing of artillery. Upon the first volley which was discharged by the *Saxons*, the Duke of *Holstein* who commanded the *Swedish* horse, a young Prince of great courage and virtue, received a cannon-ball in the breast. The King enquired if he was dead, and was told that he was; he made no answer, but the tears flowed from his eyes; and then covering his face for a moment with his hands, on a sudden he spurred his horse.

se with a fury, and rushed into the thickest of
 enemy, at the head of his guards.

The King of Poland did all that could be expected
 in a Prince who was fighting for his crown. He
 once led up his troops in person to the charge;
 the ascendant of *Charles XII.* carried it, and gain-
 a compleat victory. The enemy's camp, colours,
 artillery, and *Augustus'* war-chest, were left to
 him. He made no stay upon the field of battle, but
 marched strait to *Cracow*, pursuing the King of Po-
 land, who fled before him.

The citizens of *Cracow* were bold enough to shut
 their gates upon the Conqueror. He caused them
 to be burst open, and took the castle by assault. His
 soldiers, the only men in the world who could ab-
 stain from pillage after a victory, did not offer the
 least ill-treatment to any one citizen; but the King
 made them pay sufficiently for the rashness of their
 resistance, by raising upon them excessive contribu-
 tions.

He departed from *Cracow* in the full resolution of
 pursuing *Augustus* without intermission; but within
 some miles from the city his horse fell under him,
 and broke his thigh. They were obliged to carry
 him back to *Cracow*, where he was confin'd to his bed
 six weeks in the hands of his surgeons. This
 accident gave *Augustus* leisure to breathe a little. He
 caused it immediately to be spread throughout Po-
 land and Germany, that *Charles XII.* was killed by his
 fall. This false report, which was credited for some
 time, filled all mens minds with astonishment and
 uncertainty. In this small interval he assembles all
 the orders of the Kingdom at *Mariembourg*, and then
 at *Lublin*, who had before been called together to
 elect a *Domir*.

In the mean time *Charles XII.* recovered of his
 wound, and overturned all before him. Always fixt
 in his resolution of forcing the Poles themselves to

dethrone their King, by the intrigues of the Cardinal Primate, he caused an assembly to be called together at *Warsaw* to oppose that at *Lublin*. His Generals represented to him that the affair might be protracted to a tedious length, and at length finish in delays; that during this time the *Muscovites* were daily engaging with the troops he had behind in *Livonia* and *Ingria*, and that the event was not always favourable to the *Swedes*, and that his presence there in all probability would very soon become necessary. *Charles*, who was as steady in execution of his projects, as he was brisk in his reasons, answered, *Though I were to stay here fifty years, I would not leave the place till I had dethroned the King of Poland.*

Having augmented his victorious troops with ten thousand horse and eight thousand foot, which he received from *Sweden*, he marched against the remains of the *Saxon* army he had beaten at *Cliffau*, which he had gained time to rally and recruit, whilst his illness from his horse had confined him to his bed. The *Saxon* army shunn'd his approach, and retired towards *Prussia* on the north-west of *Warsaw*. The river *Vistula* lay between him and his enemies. *Charles* forded it over it at the head of his horse, whilst the foot went to seek a ford somewhat higher. On *May 1.* 1704 he came up with the *Saxons* at a place called *Pultowa*. They were commanded by General *Stenau* to the number of about ten thousand. The King of *Sweden* in his precipitate march had brought no more baggage along with him, being confident that a less number would have sufficed. The terror of his arms was so great, that one half of the *Saxon* army ran away at his approach, without staying for the battle. General *Stenau* stood firm for a while with two regiments, but the moment after, he was drawn away in the general flight of his army, which was dispersed before it was conquered. The *Swedes* did not

ke a thousand prisoners, nor kill six hundred men, giving more difficulty in pursuing than defeating them.

Augustus who had nothing left him but the scattered remains of the *Saxons* beaten on all sides, retired in all haste to *Thorn*, a town of royal *Prussia*, situate upon the *Weissel*, and under the protection of *Poland*. *Charles* immediately prepared to besiege it. The King of *Poland* not thinking himself secure, withdrew into *Saxony*. In the mean time *Charles*, who made nothing of so many brisk marches, swimming of rivers, and hurrying along with his foot mounted behind his horse, was not able to bring up his cannon before *Thorn*; but was obliged to wait till it was sent him from *Sweden* by sea.

Whilst he was waiting for it, he took up his quarters within some miles of the town, and would often advance too near the ramparts, to view it. The plain dress he always wore was of greater service to him than he had ever imagined in these dangerous walks. It hindered him from being taken notice of, and pointed out by the enemy, as a person to be aimed at. One day having approached very near with one of his Generals named *Lieven*, who was dress'd in a scarlet trimm'd with gold, and fearing lest the General should be perceived, he strait ordered him to walk behind him, moved by that magnanimity so natural to him, which even hindered him from reflecting that he exposed his own life to a manifest danger to save that of his subject.

Lieven discerning his error too late in having put on a remarkable habit, which exposed also those that were with him, and fearing equally for the King in whatever place he was, hesitated a while whether he ought to obey him; in the moment while this contest lasted, the King takes him by the arm, puts himself before him, and hides him; at the same instant a cannon-ball, which came in flank, struck the

Gene-

General dead upon that very spot which the King had scarce quitted. The death of this man, killed directly in his stead, and because he had a mind to save him, contributed not a little to confirm him in the notion he ever held of absolute predestination, and made him believe, that his fate, which protected him in so singular a manner, reserved him for the execution of greater things.

Every thing succeeded with him, and his negotiations and his arms were equally fortunate. He was in a manner present throughout all *Poland*; his grand Mareschal *Renchild* was in the heart of those dominions with a great body of the army. Near thirty thousand *Swedes* under different Generals, dispersed towards the north and the east upon the frontiers of *Muscovy*, withstood the efforts of the whole empire of *Russia*; and *Charles* was in the west at the other end of *Poland*, at the head of best part of his troops.

The King of *Denmark*, tied down by the treaty of *Travendal*, which his weakness hindered him from breaking, continued silent. The Elector of *Branlenbourg*, who had acquired the title of King of *Prussia*, without any increase of power, durst not express his disgust at seeing the King of *Sweden* so near his dominions. His grandfather had been deprived of the best part of *Pomerania* by *Gustavus Adolphus*. And he had no security for the rest, but the moderation of *Charles*. Farther towards the south-west between the rivers of *Elbe* and *Wefer* lay the Duchy of *Bremen*, the last territory of the antient conquest of the *Swedes*, filled with strong garrisons, which opened to the conqueror the gates of *Saxony* and the *Empire*. Thus from the *German* ocean almost to the mouth of the *Boristhenes*, which makes the breadth of *Europe*, and to the gates of *Muscow*, all was in consternation, and every moment expecting an entire revolution. His vessels were masters of the *Baltic*

and employed in transporting prisoners from *Poland* to his own country. *Sweden* alone was calm in the midst of these great emotions, tasting the sweets of a profound peace, and enjoying the glory of her triumph, without bearing the weight of it; since his victorious troops were paid and maintained at the expence of the conquered.

In this general silence of the north before the arms of *Charles XII.* the town of *Dantzick* ventured to disoblige him. Fourteen frigates and forty transport vessels were bringing the King a supply of six thousand men, with cannon and ammunition, to finish the siege of *Thorn*. These succours must necessarily pass up the *Weissel*. At the mouth of this river lies *Dantzick*, a rich and free town, enjoying with *Elbing* and *Thorn* the same privileges in *Poland*, as the imperial towns have in *Germany*. Its liberty had been attacked by turns, by the *Danes*, the *Swedes*, and some *German* Princes, and was preserved only by the jealousy which these powers had of each other. Count *Steinbock*, one of the *Swedish* Generals, assembled the magistrates in the King's name, demanded a passage for the troops, and offered to buy powder of them and some ammunition. The magistrates, by an imprudence in those who treat with their superiors in strength, durst neither absolutely refuse, nor expressly grant what he demanded. General *Steinbock* made them give by force more than he had asked; and farther exacted from the town a contribution of a hundred thousand crowns by way of recompence for their imprudent denial. At last the requisites, the cannon and ammunition being arrived before *Thorn*, the siege was begun on the 22d of September.

Rovel, governour of the place, defended it a month with a garrison of five thousand men. And then was forced to surrender at discretion. The garrison were made prisoners of war, and sent into *Sweden*.

Sweden. *Roxel* was presented to the King unarmed. His Majesty, who never lost an opportunity of doing honour to merit in his enemies, gave him a sword with his own hand, made him a considerable present in money, and sent him away upon his parole. The honour the town of *Thorn* had, in having formerly produced *Copernicus* the founder of the true system of the world, had no influence upon a conqueror too little conversant in such matters, and who knew how to reward nought else but valour. This petty town was condemned to pay forty thousand crowns! an excessive contribution for such a place.

Elbing, a town built upon an arm of the *Wistula* founded by the *Teutonic* Knights, and also annexed to *Poland*, did not make a proper advantage of the *Dantzickers* mistake, but hesitated too long about giving passage to the *Swedish* troops, and was more severely punished than *Dantzick*. *Charles* entered there in person on the 13th of *December* at the head of four-thousand men armed with bayonets at the ends of their muskets. The inhabitants in a fright threw themselves upon their knees in the streets, and begged for mercy. He took from them all their arms, lodged his soldiers in their houses, and then having called the magistrates together, obliged them to raise that very day a contribution of two hundred and sixty thousand crowns. There were in the town two hundred pieces of cannon, and four hundred thousand weight of gun-powder, upon which he relied. The gaining a victory would not have brought him so many advantages. All these successes were fore-runners to the dethroning of King *Augustus*.

The Cardinal had scarce taken an oath to his King that he would attempt nothing against him, before he went to the assembly at *Warsaw*, but still under the pretence of peace. He was attended by thirty thousand soldiers raised upon his own estate, but upon coming thither talked of nothing but concord and

edience. At last he threw off the mask, and on
 the 14th of *February* 1704, declared in the name of
 the assembly, *Augustus Elector of Saxony incapable of*
wearing the crown of Poland. They then pronounced
 with a common voice, that the throne was vacant.
 The session of that day was not yet ended, when a
 messenger from the King of *Sweden* brings a letter from
 His Majesty to the assembly. The Cardinal opens the
 letter, which contained an order in form of a request,
 to elect *Prince James Sobiesky for their King.* They
 were disposed to obey with joy, and fixed the day
 for the election. The Prince was then at *Breslau* in
Silesia, waiting with impatience for the crown, which
 his father had wore. He was complimented upon
 it, and some flatterers had even already given him
 the title of Majesty, in speaking to him. As he was
 one day hunting at some leagues off from *Breslau*
 with *Prince Constantine* one of his brothers, thirty
 horsemen, sent privately by King *Augustus*,
 broke out of a sudden upon them from a neighbour-
 hood wood, surround the two Princes, and carry
 them off without resistance. Fresh horses stood
 ready at a distance, upon which they were im-
 mediately carried to *Lipsick*, and close confined. This
 at once broke all the measures of *Charles*, the
 Cardinal, and the assembly at *Warsaw*.
 Fortune, which makes sport with crowned heads,
 now King *Augustus* almost at the same time upon
 the point of being taken himself. He was at dinner
 within three leagues of *Cracow*, relying upon an ad-
 vanced guard posted at some distance, when General
Leopold came suddenly upon him, after having car-
 ried off the guard. The King of *Poland* had but just
 time to get on horseback with ten others. General
Leopold pursued him four days, ready to seize upon
 him every moment. The King fled to *Sandomir*,
 the *Swedish* General followed him thither; and
 it

was a singular piece of good fortune, that he made his escape.

In the mean time the King's party treated the Cardinal, and were reciprocally treated by them as traitors to their country. The army of the crown was divided between the two factions. *Augustus* was forced at last to accept of succours from the *Moscovites*, repented that he had not applied to them sooner. Sometimes he marched into *Saxony*, where his forces were exhausted; and sometimes he would turn into *Poland*, where they durst not assist him. On the other side the King of *Sweden* reigned in *Poland* calm and victorious, and more absolutely than *Augustus* had ever done.

Count *Piper*, who was as much of a politician, as his master was of a hero, laid hold of the opportunity to advise *Charles XII.* to take upon himself the crown of *Poland*. He represented to him how easily he might bring it about with a victorious army, and a powerful party in the heart of a kingdom, which he had already brought under subjection. He tempted him with the title of *Defender of the Evangelical Religion*, a name which flattered the ambition of *Charles*. It was easy for him, he said, to do in *Poland* what *Gustavus Vasa* had done in *Sweden*; to introduce *Lutheranism*, and break the chains of the people, now slaves to the Nobility and Clergy. *Charles* gave way to the temptation for a moment; but glory was his idol. He sacrificed his interest to it, and the pleasure he would have had in taking *Poland* from the Pope. He told Count *Piper*, that he liked better to give away Kingdoms than gain them, and smiling, *You were made for the Minister of an Italian Prince.*

Charles lay still near *Thorn*, in that part of *Prussia* which belongs to *Poland*; he thence observed all that was transacted at *Warsaw*, and kept the neighbouring powers in awe. Prince *Alexander*, brother

the two *Sobieskys*, who were carried off in *Silesia*,
he to demand vengeance of him. The King pro-
posed it him the more readily, as he judged it easy,
that he should be thereby revenged himself. But
being impatient to give *Poland* a King, he offered the
crown to Prince *Alexander*, which fortune seemed
not to deny to his brother. He did not in the least
accept a refusal. But Prince *Alexander* told him, that
nothing should ever engage him to make an advan-
ce of his eldest brother's misfortune. The King
of *Sweden*, Count *Piper*, all his friends, and especially
the young Palatine of *Poznan*, *Stanislaus Lecinski*,
persuaded him to accept of it. But he continued firm
in his resolution. The neighbouring Princes were
astonished at the news, and knew not whom they
should admire most; a King of *Sweden*, who at two
and twenty years old gave away the crown of
Poland, or Prince *Alexander*, who refused to ac-
cept it.

The End of the Second Book.

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THE

THE
HISTORY
OF
CHARLES XI
KING of SWEDEN.
BOOK III.

YOUNG *Stanislaus Lecinsky* was then deputed by the assembly at *Warsaw* to give an account to the King of Sweden of several differences which had arose among them since Prince *Jamez* was carried away. *Stanislaus* had a very engaging appearance full of bravery and sweetness, with an air of pride and openness, which is doubtless the greatest of outward advantages, and adds a greater weight to words than eloquence it self. The discretion which he spoke of King *Augustus*, of the assembly, the Cardinal Primate, and the different interests which divided *Poland*, made an impression upon *Charles*. He was a Prince that understood mankind exceedingly well, and had succeeded in the choice he made of his Generals and Ministers. He designed to prolong the conference, that he might the better find the genius of the young deputy. And at the audience he said aloud, *That he had not seen a man so fit to reconcile all parties.* He straight made enquiry into the character of the *Palatine Lecinsky*; and informed

formed that he was a person of great courage, and
 red to fatigue; that he lay constantly upon a kind
 straw mattress, requiring no service of his do-
 micks about his person; that he was of a rem-
 nce before unknown to that climate; liberal,
 adored by his vassals; and the only Nobleman
 ap in *Poland*, who had any friends, at a time
 en no regard was paid to any ties but those of
 rest and faction.

This character, which in many particulars resem-
 his own, determined him entirely. He advised
 h no body, but without any caballing, or even
 lick deliberation, he said to two of his Generals,
 wing them *Lecfinsky*, *See there is the King whom the
 es shall have.*

His resolution was fixt, and *Stanislaus* as yet knew
 hing of the matter, when the Cardinal Primate
 e to wait upon *Charles*. The Prelate was King
 ng the *interregnum*, and was desirous of prolong-
 his transient authority. *Charles* asked him whom
 thought in *Poland* deserving of the crown. I
 w but three, answered the Cardinal. The first
 e Prince *Sapieha*; but his imperious, cruel and
 otick humour will never agree well with a free
 ple. The second is *Lubormisky*, Grand General of
 crown; but he is too old, and is farther suspec-
 of loving money too much. The third is the
 tine of *Poznan*, more deserving indeed than the
 er two, if his want of experience did not render
 uncapable of governing so capricious a na-
 . The Cardinal thus excluded all whom he
 posed, and would have them believed unfit to
 n, whom he had pronounced alone worthy of it.
 King of *Sweden* concluded the conversation by
 ng him, that *Stanislaus Lecfinsky* should be their
 g.

The Cardinal had scarce left the King, before he
 eived a courier from the lady, who was absolute

over him. She told him in her letter, that she was resolved to marry her daughter to the son of *Lubormisky*, and conjured him to employ all his interest with the King to give the crown of *Poland* to his father. The letter came too late, the Cardinal being given impressions of *Lubormisky*, as he could not otherwise. He used his utmost address to draw the King of *Sweden* insensibly into the new interest which he embraced, and strove more especially to divert him from the choice of *Stanislaus*. But what have you says the King, to object against him? Sir, says the Prelate, he is too young. The King drily answered, *He is much about my age*, turned his back upon the Prelate, and immediately dispatched Count *Hoorn* to signify to the assembly at *Warsaw*, that they must elect a King in five days, and that they must elect *Stanislaus Leszynsky*. Count *Hoorn* arrived upon the 7th of *July*, and fixed the day of the election to the 12th, as if he had ordered the decampment of a battalion. The Cardinal Primate, disappointed of the fruit of so many intrigues, returned to the assembly where he left no stone unturned to make the election, wherein he had no share, prove abortive. When the King of *Sweden* coming himself incognito to *Warsaw*, he was obliged to be silent. All that the Prelate could do was to absent himself from the election; he determined to act as neuter, without appearing to assist or oppose the resolution of the King of *Sweden*, carrying himself even between *Augustus* and *Stanislaus*, and waiting for an opportunity of judging them both.

On Saturday the 12th of *July*, the day appointed for the election, about three in the afternoon the assembly met at *Colo*, the place designed for the ceremony, and the Bishop of *Posnania* presided instead of the Primate. He came attended with several persons of distinction, and a large body of gentlemen of his party. The King of *Sweden* mixt with them, the

might in secret enjoy the fruits of his power. *Count Hoorn* and two other general officers assisted publicly at the solemnity, as *Embassadors* extraordinary from *Charles* to the Republick. The session lasted till nine in the evening; and the Bishop of *Pozna* put an end to it by declaring in the name of *Diète*, *Stanislaus* elected King of Poland. *Charles XII.* was the first in the crowd to cry out *Vivat*; they threw up their hats into the air, and the noise of acclamations quite stifled the cries of the officers.

The name of King made no alteration in the manner of *Stanislaus*; it only caused him to turn his thoughts somewhat more towards war. A storm placed him upon the throne, and another might drive him thence. He had one half of his Kingdom to conquer, and was to secure himself in the other; and being treated as a Sovereign at *Warsaw*, and a rebel at *Sandomir*, he prepared, by force of arms, to make himself acknowledged by all the world.

Charles XII. immediately departed from *Warsaw* to go to finish the conquest of *Poland*. He had fixed for a general rendezvous of his army before *Leopold*, the capital of the great Palatinate of *Russia*, a place considerable in it self, and much more so for the treasures it contained. It was thought that it would hold out fifteen days, by means of the fortifications which King *Augustus* had made there. The *Conqueror* sat down before it on *September 5*, and the next day carried it by assault; and all that resisted was put to the sword. The victorious troops, who were now masters of the town, did not disband to rest after pillage, notwithstanding the report of the assurances which were in *Leopold*; but ranged themselves in order of battle in the great square. There the remains of the garrison came to surrender themselves prisoners of war. The King then proclaimed orders by sound of trumpet, that all the inhabi-

rants who had any effects belonging to King *Augustus* or his adherents, should bring them in perfect before night came on, under pain of death. These measures were so well taken, that few ventured to disobey him, and they brought his Majesty four hundred chests filled with gold and silver coin, plate and other things of value.

The beginning of *Stanislaus*'s reign was almost the same day made remarkable by a very different event. Some affairs which absolutely required his presence had obliged him to continue at *Warsaw*. He brought with him his mother, his wife, and his two daughters, of which the youngest was then but a year old and has since been Queen of *France*. The Cardinal Primate, the Bishop of *Posnania*, and some great nobles of *Poland* made up his new court. His guards consisted of six thousand *Polanders* of the army of *Charles* the crow, who were lately brought over into his service; and whose fidelity he had not yet made trial of. General *Hoorn*, the Governour of the town, was not with him besides above fifteen hundred *Swedes*. They were at *Warsaw* in perfect tranquillity, and *Stanislaus* reckoned to depart thence in a few days to the conquest of *Leopold*: When all of a sudden he received information, that a numerous army was drawing near to the town. This was King *Augustus*, who by a fresh effort, and one of the most successful marches that ever General made, having eluded the King of *Sweden*, was coming up with twenty thousand men, to fall upon *Warsaw*, and carry off his rival.

Warsaw was very ill fortified, and the *Polish* troops who defended it, were not to be relied on. *Augustus* had intelligences within the town; and if *Stanislaus* tarried, he was sure to be undone. He sent his family therefore into *Posnania*, under the guard of those *Polish* troops, in whom he could put no confidence. The Cardinal Primate fled one of

to the frontiers of *Prussia*. Several gentlemen took different roads. The new King went directly to *Charles XII.* learning early to suffer disgrace, and was forced to quit his capital within six weeks after he had been there advanced to the sovereignty. The Bishop of *Posnania* alone could not escape, being confined to *Warsaw* by a dangerous illness. One part of the six thousand *Polanders* followed *Stanislaus*, and the other conducted his family. They sent those into *Prussia*, whose fidelity they would not expose to the temptation of returning into the service of King *Augustus*. As to General *Hoorn*, who was Governor of *Warsaw* in the name of the King of *Sweden*, he took up his residence in the castle with his fifteen hundred soldiers.

Augustus entered the capital as a Sovereign incensed and victorious. Every inhabitant was taxed beyond their abilities, and ill treated by the soldiers. The Cardinal's palace and all the houses of the confederate Lords, with all their possessions both in town and country, were given up to plunder. Count *Hoorn* stood the constant fire of the enemy in the castle, wherein he was enclosed; but the place at last being no longer able to hold out, he was forced to bear a parley, and remained prisoner of war, with his fifteen hundred soldiers. This was the first advantage that King *Augustus* gained, in the torrent of his ill fortune, against the victorious arms of his enemy.

Count *Hoorn*, released upon his parole, came to *Opold*, within a small time after *Stanislaus*. He took the liberty of complaining a little to the King of *Sweden*, that his Majesty had not relieved *Warsaw*. The King answered him not under much concern about it, my dear Count, says the King) we must let King *Augustus* do something way of amusement, or otherwise he would grow tired of having us so long in his neighbourhood; but take my word for it, he shall not be the better for this advantage.

The conqueror, accompanied by King *Stanislaus*,
went

went in quest of his enemy at the head of the best part of his troops. The *Saxon* army fled constantly before him. The towns for thirty miles round sent him their keys, and no day passed which was not signalized with some advantages. Successes began to grow too familiar to *Charles*. He said it was rather hunting than fighting, and complained of not buying a victory.

Augustus committed the care of his army for some time to Count *Shullemburg*, a very able General; and indeed he stood in need of all his experience at the head of an army under such discouragements. He was under more concern to preserve his master's troops than to conquer; he acted by stratagem, and the two Kings with vigour. He marched off unknown to them, seized upon advantageous passages, and sacrificed some horse, to give time to his foot to retreat with safety.

After several artifices and countermarches he found himself near *Punitz* in the Palatinate of *Poznania*, imagining that the King of *Sweden* and King *Stanislaus* were above fifty leagues off from him. But coming thither, he learnt that the two Kings had marched those fifty leagues in nine days, and were ready to fall upon him with ten or twelve thousand horse. *Shullemburg* had not a thousand horse, nor above eight thousand foot, and was to keep his ground against a superior army, the name of the King of *Sweden*, and the natural fears which so many defeats had raised in the *Saxons*. He was ever of opinion, though opposed in it by the *German* Generals, that the foot might stand against the horse in an open campaign, and without the benefit of *Chevaux de Frise*; and he ventured to make trial of it that day against the victorious horse commanded by the two Kings, and the most experienced of the *Swedish* Generals. He posted himself so advantageously, that he could not be surrounded; his first rank bent one knee upon the ground.

ound, and was armed with pikes and fuses; the
solders stood extremely close, and presented to the
emies horse a kind of rampart pointed with pikes
bayonets; the second rank bending a little upon
shoulders of the first, fired over their heads, and
third standing upright, fired at the same time
ind the other two. The *Swedes* fell upon the
ons with their usual impetuosity, who waited for
m unshaken; the discharge of the muskets, the
es and bayonets startled the horses, and set them
apering instead of advancing. By this means the
des made their attack in disorder, and the *Saxons*
ended themselves by keeping their ranks.

f *Charles* had ordered his horsemen to alight, the
y of *Shullemburgh* must have been inevitably de-
yed. There was nothing the General was so
ch afraid of, and he every moment expected that
enemy would have taken that resolution. But
her the King of *Sweden*, who had so often prac-
d all the stratagems of war, nor any of his Ge-
ls ever thought of it. This unequal fight of a
y of horse against the foot, though often inter-
ed and renewed, lasted three hours. The *Swedes*
more horses than men. *Shullemburgh* at last gave
, but his troops were not broken. He drew
n up into an oblong battalion, and, though he
received five wounds in the engagement, he re-
in good order in this form about midnight to
small town of *Guran*, within three leagues of the
of battle. And he scarce began to breathe in that
, before the two Kings appeared suddenly at his

eyond *Guran*, towards the river *Oder*, lay a thick
d, through which the *saxon* General led his fati-
army. The *Swedes* without pausing pursued
through the thickets of the wood, making their
with difficulty through places which were scarce
ble by people on foot; and the *Saxons* had not
ed the wood above five hours before the *Swedish*
horse.

horse. On the other side the wood runs the river *Pars* at the foot of a village named *Rutsen*. *Shullemburg* had sent before in all haste to get the boats together, and carried his troops across the river which were already half lost. *Charles* was come on one side of the river by that time *Shullemburg* had got to the other. No General ever retreated with so much art, nor did ever conqueror so briskly pursue his enemy. The reputation of *Shullemburg* depended upon his escaping from the King of Sweden, and the King thought his glory concerned in taking *Shullemburg* and the rest of his army. He lost time, but swam his horse cross the river. And the Saxons were enclosed between the river *Pars* and the great river of *Oder*, which has its source in *Silesia*, and is in this place very deep and rapid.

The loss of *Shullemburg* appeared inevitable; still strove all he could to extricate himself from this extremity by one of those turns of art, which are as valuable as victories, and the more glorious, because fortune has no share in them. He had not above four thousand men left; a mill, which he filled with grenadiers, lay on his right hand, and a morass on his left; he had a *Fossé* before him, and his rear guard was upon the banks of the *Oder*. He had no bridge of boats to throw over the river, but in the evening gave orders for planks. *Charles* upon his arrival immediately attacks the mill in full persuasion that, if he had taken it, the Saxons must either perish in the river, or die sword in hand, or at least surrender themselves prisoners at discretion with their Generals. In the mean while the planks were got ready, and the Saxons passed the *Oder* over them in the night, and when *Charles* had forced the mill, he found more of the enemies army. The two Kings honoured this retreat with their commendations, and it is spoken of to this day in the empire with admiration. *Charles* could not help saying, "*Shullemburg* has conquered us to day.

But what was thus glorious to *Shullemburg*, was very little service to King *Augustus*. He once more abandoned *Poland* to his enemies, withdrew to *Saxony*, and repaired the fortifications of *Dresden* with precipitation, already with reason trembling for the capital of his hereditary dominions.

Thus was *Poland* subdued by *Charles XII.* His general after his example had beaten several small bodies of *Moscovites* in *Courland*, who ever since the great battle of *Narva* had not shewn themselves but in small companies, and made war in those quarters like the vagabond *Tartars*, who plunder and run away, to appear again but to fly again.

The consecration was solemnized quietly and magnificently on *October 4, 1705*, in the town of *Warsaw*, withstanding the usual custom in *Poland* of crowning their Kings at *Cracow*. *Stanislaus Lecinsky* and his wife *Charlotte Opalinska* were consecrated King and Queen of *Poland* by the hands of the Archbishop of *Poland*, assisted by several other Prelates. *Charles XII.* was present at the ceremony *incognito*, as he had been at the election; the only fruit he reaped from his conquests.

Whilst he was thus giving a King to the conquered *Poles*, and *Denmark* did not presume to trouble him; whilst the King of *Prussia* courted his friendship, *Augustus* was retired to his hereditary dominions; the *Czar* grew every day more formidable. He had only assisted *Augustus* in *Poland*, but had made powerful diversions in *Ingria*.

He not only began to be a great soldier himself, but also to teach his *Moscovites* the art of war: Discipline was established in his troops; he had good engineers, a serviceable artillery, and a great many good soldiers; and had learnt the great art of subsisting his armies. Some of his Generals both knew how to fight, and if occasion required, to decline it; and besides, he had got together a fleet which was able

to make head against the Swedes in the Baltic Sea.

Grown strong by all these advantages which owing to his genius only, and the absence of the King of Sweden, he took Narva by assault, on August 21, 1704, after a regular siege, having prevented being relieved either by sea or land. As soon as the soldiers were masters of the town, they fell to plunder, and gave themselves up to the most enormous barbarities. The Czar ran from place to place to put a stop to the disorder and massacre. He himself snatched the women out of the hands of the soldiers, who were going to cut their throats, after having ravished them. He was obliged to kill with his own hands several Moscovites who did not hearken to his orders. They yet kept the table in the townhouse at Narva, upon which he laid his sword, as he entered, and tell the women which he spoke to the citizens, who flocked thither after him: *It is not, says he, with the blood of the inhabitants, that my sword is stained, but with that of the Moscovites, which I have shed to save your lives.*

The Czar aspired farther than the destruction of towns. He was at that time laying the foundation of a city not far from Narva, in the midst of his new conquests. This was the city of Petersburg, which he has since made the seat of his residence, and the center of his trade.

The Czar, in thus forming himself new dominions, held out still an helping hand to King Augustus who was losing his; he persuaded him by General Patkul, who had lately passed into the service of Muscovy, and was then the Czar's Ambassador at Saxony, to come to Grodno to confer with him more upon the unhappy state of his affairs. King Augustus came thither with some troops, attended by General Shullemburg, whose passage over the ice had rendered him famous in the north, and in which

placed his last hopes, The Czar arrived, with an hundred thousand men marching after him. The two monarchs formed new schemes of war. King *Augustus*, as he was dethroned, was no longer afraid of separating the *Poles* by giving up their country to *Cossack* troops. It was resolved that the Czar's army should be divided into several bodies to oppose every motion of the King of *Sweden*. During the course of this interview, King *Augustus* instituted the order of the white eagle, a weak expedient to draw to his interest certain *Polish* Lords, who were more desirous of real advantages, than a mere nominal honour, which becomes ridiculous, when held by a Prince, who has nothing left a King but the name. The conference of the two Kings ended in an extraordinary manner. The Czar departed suddenly, and left his troops to his ally, to go and extinguish a rebellion in person, which threatened him in *Astracan*. He was scarce gone from him, before King *Augustus* ordered *Patzkul* to be taken up at *Dresden*. All *Europe* was in amaze, that, contrary to the laws of nations, in appearance, to his own interest, he should venture to imprison the Ambassador of the only Prince who protected him.

The secret of the affair was thus. *Patzkul*, proscribed by *Sweden* for having maintained the privileges of *Lithuania* his country, had been General to King *Augustus*; but his high and active spirit ill agreeing with the haughty disposition of General *Fleming*, the King's favourite, more imperious and more active than himself, he had passed into the service of the Czar, whose General he then was, and Ambassador to *Augustus*. He was a man of great discernment, and had discovered that the views of *Fleming* and the Chancellor of *Saxony*, were to offer peace to the King of *Sweden* at any rate. He formed immediately a design to prevent them, and to bring about an accommodation between the Czar and *Sweden*. The

Chancellor countermined his project, and obtained leave to seize upon his person. King *Augustus* the Czar, that *Paskul* was a perfidious wretch, would betray them both. However, he had no other fault, but that of having served his new master well; but an unseasonable piece of service is recompensed with the punishment of treason.

In the mean while the hundred thousand *Moscovites* on one side, divided into several small bodies, and ravaged the estates of the adherents to *Stanislaus* and *Shullembourg* on the other was advancing with his fresh troops. But the fortune of the *Swedes* dispersed these two armies in less than two months. *Charles XII.* and *Stanislaus* fell upon the separate armies of the *Moscovites*, one after another; but so brisk that one *Moscovite* General was beaten before he knew of the defeat of his companion.

No obstacle could put a stop to the progress of the conqueror. If he found a river in his way between him and the enemy, *Charles* and his *Swedes* would swim their horses over it. One party of *Swedes* took the baggage of *Augustus* in which were two hundred thousand crowns of silver coin; *Stanislaus* made his seizure of eight hundred thousand ducats belonging to prince *Menzikof* the General of the *Moscovites*. *Charles* at the head of his horse would often march thirty leagues in four and twenty hours, every soldier had another horse in his hand to mount, when his first was weary. The *Moscovites*, terrified and reduced to a small number, fled in disorder beyond the *Borissina*.

Whilst *Charles* was thus driving the *Moscovites* before him into the heart of *Lithuania*, *Shullembourg* at last repassed the *Oder*, and came at the head of twenty thousand men to give battle to the *Mareschal Renchild*, who was look'd upon as the General *Charles XII.* had, and was called the *Leo* of the *Alexander* of the north. These two great Generals, who seemed to share in the fate of

sters, met near *Punitz* in a Place call'd *Frapenslad*, territory already fatal to the troops of *Augustus*. *Renschild* had no more than thirteen battalions and two twenty squadrons, wick all together made about thousand men; and *Shullembourg* had twice as ny. It is to be observed, that he had in his army ween six and seven thousand *Moscovites*, which long been diseiplined in *Saxony*, and were looked n as experienced soldiers, who joined the *German* pline to the *Russian* fierceness. The battle of *venstad* was fought on *February 12, 1706*. But, every General *Shullembourg*, who with four thou- men had in a manner cluded the fortune of the g of *Sweden*, sunk under that General *Renschild*. e engagement lasted not a quarter of an hour, *Saxons* did not resist a moment, and the *Moscovites* w down their arms upon the first appearance of *Swedes*; the terror was so so sudden, and the rder so great, that the conquerors found upon field of battle seven thousand fusces all charged, ch they had thrown away without firing. No at was ever quicker, more compleat, and more neful; and yet no General had ever made a finer osition than *Shullembourg* that day, by the con- on of all the *Saxon* and *Swedish* officers, who t by the consequence how little human prudence mistress of events.

among the prisoners there was found an entire ment of *Frenchmen*; these wretches had been taken oners by the troops of *Saxony* in 1704, at the ous battle of *Hocsted*, so fatal to the grandeur of s XIV. They had since enlisted themselves into service of K. *Augustus*, who had formed them into giment of dragoons, had given the command of n to a *Frenchman* of the family of *Foyeuse*. The nel was killed upon the first, or other the only ge of the *Swedes*; and the entire regiment were e prisoners of war. From that day these *French-*

men desired that they might be allowed to serve *Charles XII.* and were received into his service by singular fate, which reserved them to change again the conqueror and master.

As to the *Moscovites*, they begged for life upon their knees; but *Renchild* ordered them to be inhumanly massacred in cold blood above six hours after the battle, to revenge on them the violences of their countrymen, and disencumber himself of a number of prisoners he knew not what to do with.

But tho' the troops of *Charles XII.* lived under severe a discipline, that they plundered not the towns which were carried by assault, before they had leave that they even plundered in a regular manner, and left upon the first signal, and the *Swedes* to this day boast of the discipline they observed in *Saxony*; yet the *Saxons* complain of most terrible ravages committed by them; contradictions which it would be impossible to reconcile, if we did not consider that men are wont to look upon the same objects with different views. It can scarce be conceived but that the conqueror must at some times have transgressed the rules of decency; and that the conquered should censure the slightest damages, as the most shocking injuries. One day, as the King was riding out near *Lipsick*, a *Saxon* peasant threw himself at his feet to ask justice of him against a grenadier, who had just taken from him what he had designed for his family's dinner. The King ordered the foldier to be brought before him, And is it true, says he, with a stern countenance, that you have robbed this man? Sir, says the Soldier, I have not done him so much mischief, as your Majesty has done his master; you have taken a Kingdom from him, and I have only taken a turkey from this peasant. The King gave the poor man ten ducats with his own hand, and pardoned the soldier for the boldness of his reply, saying, Remember, friend, if I have taken a Kingdom from King *Augustus*, I have taken nothing for my self.

King *Augustus* wandering in *Poland*, and deprived once both of his Kingdom and Electorate, at last wrote a letter with his own hand to *Charles XII.* to a peace. This letter he secretly sent by *Baron* of and *Monf. Finsten*, Referendary of the Privy Council; His two plenipotentiaries came by night to *Charles XII.*'s camp, and had a private audience. They read the letter, and, Gentlemen, says he to the plenipotentiaries, *I will give you my answer in a moment.* He then retired into his cabinet, and wrote as follows:

Consent to give peace upon the following conditions, in which it must not be expected that I shall make the alteration:

That King Augustus renounce for ever the crown of Poland; that he acknowledge Stanislaus as lawful King, and that he promise never to remount the throne, not even after the death of Stanislaus.

I. That he renounce all other treaties, and particularly those he has made with Muscovy.

II. That he send back with honour into my camp the Count Sobiesky, and all the Prisoners he has been able to take.

V. That, he deliver into my hands all the deserters, who have entered into his service, and particularly John Kukul; and that all proceedings be stopped against such who have passed from his service into mine.

He gave this Paper to Count Piper, charging him to negotiate the rest with the Plenipotentiaries of King *Augustus*.

Whilst this peace was silently negotiating in *Saxony*, the Count seemed to put King *Augustus* into a condition of obtaining one more honourable, and of treating with his conqueror upon a more equal foot.

Prince *Menzikoff*, Generalissimo of the *Moscovites*, brought him into *Poland* a body of thirty

thousand men, at a time when he not only did not desire their assistance any longer, but even feared it. In this nice circumstance there appeared in view to the army one of the *Swedish* Generals, named *Maderfield*, at the head of ten thousand men at *Calish*, in the Palatinate of *Pofnania*. Prince *Menzikof* pressed King *Augustus* to give them battle. The King, by the utmost perplexities delayed it under several pretexts; for though the enemy had but one third number, there were four thousand *Swedes* in *Maderfield's* army, and that was enough to render the encounter doubtful; and to fall upon the *Swedes* during the negotiation, and lose the victory, was to ruin him and all redemption. He therefore determined to send a person upon whom he could rely to the General of the enemy, to let him into part of the secret of peace, and advise him to retreat; but this advice had a very different effect from what was expected. General *Maderfield* imagined that a snare was laid to intimidate him, and upon the bare force of that imagination he resolved to risk the battle.

The *Moscovites* that day conquered the *Swedes* in pitched battle for the first time. This victory, which King *Augustus* gained almost against his own nation, was compleat, and he entered triumphantly in the midst of his bad fortune into *Warsaw*, formerly the capital of his Kingdom, but then a dismal and ruined town, ready to receive any conqueror, and to acknowledge the strongest for King. He was tempted to seize upon this moment of prosperity, and to fall upon the King of *Sweden* in concert with the *Moscovite* army. But upon recollecting that *Charles XII.* was at the head of a *Swedish* army which till then had been invincible, that the *Moscovites* would forsake him upon the first information of the treaty he had begun; that *Saxony*, his hereditary dominions, already exhausted of men and money, would be equally ravaged by the *Moscovites* and *Swedes*.

at the Empire taken up in a war with *France* could not assist him; that he should be left without dominions, money, or friends; he judged it better to comply with the terms the King of *Sweden* should propose upon him. These terms were made more severe, when *Charles* had information, that King *Augustus* had fallen upon his troops during the negotiation. His passion and the pleasure of humbling an enemy still more, who had gained an advantage over him, made him the more inflexible upon all the articles of the treaty. Thus the victory of King *Augustus* served only to render his situation the more unfortunate, a circumstance which in all probability never happened to any one but himself.

He had just sung *Te Deum* at *Warsaw*, when *Finsten*, one of his Plenipotentiaries, arrived from *Saxony*, with the treaty of peace, which deprived him of his crown. *Augustus* paused a while, but signed it, and then set out for *Saxony*, in vain hopes, that his presence might soften the King of *Sweden*, and that his enemy would perhaps call to mind the antient alliances of their houses, and the blood which united them.

The two Princes first met at *Guntersdorf* in Count *Sipper's* quarters, without any ceremony. *Charles XII.* was in jack-boots, with a piece of black taffety tied round his neck instead of a cravat; his cloths were usual made of a coarse blue cloth, with brass buttons. He had a long sword by his side, which had saved him in the battle of *Narva*, and upon the hommel of which he would often lean. The conversation turned wholly upon this strange kind of dress, and those great boots. *Charles XII.* told King *Augustus*, he had not laid them aside for six years, except when he went to sleep. These trifles were the sole discourse, that passed between two Kings, whereof one had taken away the crown from the other. *Augustus* spoke all the while with an air of com-

complaisance and satisfaction, which Princes and great men accustomed to business know how to perform in the midst of the most cruel mortifications. The two Kings dined together several times afterwards. *Charles* always affected to give the right hand to *King Augustus*; but so far from softening the rigour of his demands, that he made them still harder. He obliged the King Elector, not only to send *Stanislaus* the jewels and records of the Crown, but withal to write him a letter of congratulation upon his accession. And he absolutely insisted upon giving up of General *Paskul* without delay. *Augustus* therefore was forced to write his rival the following letter.

SIR and BROTHER,

AS I ought to have regard to the requests of the King of Sweden, I cannot avoid congratulating your Majesty upon your accession to the crown, though perhaps the advantageous treaty the King of Sweden has lately concluded for your Majesty, might have excused me from this Correspondence: However, I congratulate your Majesty beseeching God, that your subjects may be more faithful to you than they have been to me,

Lipsick, Ap. 8.

AUGUSTUS, King

1707.

STANISLAUS answered,

SIR and BROTHER,

THE correspondence of your Majesty is a fresh obligation which I owe to the King of Sweden; I have a just sense of the compliments you make me upon my accession to the crown: and I hope my subjects will have no reason to fail of their fidelity towards me, as I shall observe the interests of the kingdom.

STANISLAUS King of POLAND

King *Stanislaus* came himself to *Lipsick*, where he one day met King *Augustus*; but the two Princes bowed to each other without speaking. This was the height of *Charles XII*'s triumph, to see two Kings in his Court, whereof one had been crowned, and the other dethroned by his arms.

Augustus was farther obliged to order all the magistrates under him not to treat him as King of Poland any longer, and to efface the title he renounced out of the publick prayers. He was less concerned about setting the *Sobieskies* at liberty; though these Princes, upon coming out of prison, refused to see him; but the sacrifice of *Paskul* was a circumstance of great mortification. The Czar on one side loudly demanded him back as his Embassador, and on the other the King of Sweden made terrible threats, if they refused to give him up to him. *Paskul* was then shut up in the castle of *Konisting* in Saxony. King *Augustus* thought he might find an expedient to satisfy *Charles XII.* and his own honour at the same time. He sent his guards to deliver up the unhappy prisoner to the Swedish troops; but sent before a secret order to the Governor of *Konisting* to let him escape. *Paskul*'s ill fortune took place of the care that was taken to save him. The Governor knowing him to be very rich, would have had him bought his liberty.

But the prisoner relying still upon the law of nations, and informed of the intentions of King *Augustus*, refused to pay for what he thought he should gain for nothing. During this interval, the guards appointed to seize upon him arrived, and immediately gave him up to four Swedish officers, who carried him straight to the general quarters at *Alranstad*, where he continued three months tied to a stake with a heavy chain of iron; and thence he was carried to *Simir*.

Charles XII. forgetting that *Paskul* was the Czar's Embassador; and considering only that he was born his

his subject, ordered a council of War to pass sentence upon him with the utmost rigour. He was condemned to be broke alive and quarter'd. A chaplain came to let him know, that he was to die without informing him of the manner of his punishment. Upon the information, this man, who had braved death in so many battles, finding himself alone with a priest, and his courage no longer supported by glory or passion, the sources of intrepidity, poured out a flood of tears into the chaplain's bosom. He was engaged to a Saxon lady, named Madam D'Esden, who had all the advantages of birth, merit, beauty, and whom he had thoughts of marrying near about the same time that he was given up to punishment. He desired the chaplain to wait upon her, comfort her, and assure her that he died full of the tenderest regards for her. When he was led to the place of punishment, and saw the wheels and stakes prepared for his execution, he fell into convulsions of terror, and threw himself into the arms of the Minister, who embraced him, and covered him with his cloak, and wept over him. A Swedish officer then read aloud a paper, which contained the following words.

This is to declare, that the express order of his Majesty our most merciful Lord is, that this man, who is a traitor to his country, be broke upon the wheel and quartered, for the reparation of his crimes, and for an example to others, that every one may take care of treason, and faithfully serve his King. At the words, most merciful Lord, Parkul cry'd out, *What Mercy?* And at those of traitor to his country; *Alas,* says he, *I have served it too well.* He received sixteen blows, and endured the longest and most dreadful tortures, that can be imagined. Thus died the unfortunate John Renold Parkul, Envoy and General to the Emperor of Muscovy.

His members were quarter'd, and remain'd exposed upon gibbets, 'till 1713, when Augustus having

ained his throne, ordered these testimonies of the necessity he was reduced to at *Altranstad* to be collected together. They were brought to him in a box at *Warsaw*, in presence of the French Ambassador. The King of Poland shewing the box to the Minister, said simply to him, *See the members of Patkul*, without any addition of blame or complaint, or without any of the persons present venturing to speak on so tender and so mournful a subject.

Charles behaved in the same manner towards General Fleming, the favourite, and since the first Minister of King *Augustus*. Fleming was born in the *Swedish Pomerania*; and though from his infancy he had been attached to the Elector of Saxony, Charles looked on him always as his subject, and had long demanded him to be given up to him. Fleming, when he saw his master in a condition of refusing nothing, fled into *Prussia*, from whence he wrote a letter to King *Stanislaus*, with whom he had been acquainted in Poland, to beg of him, that he would prevail with the King of Sweden to lay aside his resentments against him. *Stanislaus* applied in his favour with warmth, and for eight days successively repeated his entreaties, without any effect; at last he almost threw himself at the feet of Charles, who said to him, *My brother, at your request I grant you his life: but remember, you will one day repent of what you have done.* Indeed Fleming afterwards served his master against *Stanislaus*, much beyond what his duty obliged him to.

About the same time one *Paikel*, a *Livonian*, and an officer in the Saxon troops, who was taken prisoner in the field, was condemn'd at *Stockholm* by a decree of the Senate; but his sentence was only to lose his head. This difference of punishment in the same case shewed too much, that Charles, in putting *Patkul* to so cruel a death, had sought more to revenge himself than to punish him. However, *Paikel*, after his condemnation, proposed to the Senate, to let the King

King into the secret of making gold, in case he would pardon him. He made the experiment in person in presence of colonel *Hamilton* and the magistrates of the town; and, whether it was that he in reality discovered any useful art, or whether he had found out none but that of deceiving plausibly, which seems most probable, they carried the matter which was found at the bottom of the crucible to the mint at *Stockholm*, and made a report so judiciously, and which appeared so important, that the Queen, grandmother of *Charles*, ordered the execution to be suspended, till the King being informed of this particularity, should send his orders to *Stockholm*.

The King made answer, *That he had refused pardon of a criminal to the intreaties of his friends, and he would never grant that to interest, which he had denied to friendship.* This inflexibility had something in it very heroical in a Prince, who otherwise thought the secret possible. When it was told King *Augustus*, he said, *He did not wonder that the King of Sweden had so much indifference about the philosophers stone; he had found it in Saxony.*

It was proposed in the Czar's council to make retaliation by treating the Swedish officers, who were prisoners at *Muscovy*, in the same manner. But the Czar would not consent to a barbarity, which would have been attended with such fatal circumstances, as there were more *Muscovites* prisoners in *Sweden*, than *Swedes* in *Muscovy*.

He sought for a more advantageous revenge. The body of his enemy's army lay idle in *Saxony*. *Leopold*, the King of *Sweden*'s General, who was left in *Poland* with about twenty thousand men, was unable to guard the passes in a country without fortifications and full of factions. *Stanislaus* was in the camp of *Charles XII.* The Emperor of *Muscovy* seizes upon this conjuncture, and re-enters *Poland* with above twenty thousand men; he divides them into several

, and marches with a flying Camp as far as *Leopold*, which was not garrisoned by the *Swedes*.

Poland had then two Primates, as well as two Bishops, the one nominated by *Augustus*, the other by *Stanislaus*. The Primate, nominated by *Augustus*, summoned the assembly of *Leopold*, and drew thither those, whom this unfortunate Prince had abandoned by the peace of *Altranstad*, with such as the King's money had brought over to his interest, and was proposed to elect a new King. So that *Poland* was upon the point of having three Kings at once, without being able to say which was the true one.

During the conferences of *Leopold*, the Czar, united in interests with the Emperor of *Germany*, thro' common fear they had of the King of *Sweden*, secretly obtained of him a number of *German* officers. These came daily to make a considerable augmentation in his forces, by bringing with them experience and discipline. He engaged them to his service by great rewards; and for the better encouragement of his own troops, he gave his picture set with diamonds to all the general officers and Generals, who had fought at the battle of *Calish*; lower officers had medals of Gold, and every private soldier a medal of silver. These monuments of victory at *Calish* were all struck in his new town of *Petersburg*, where arts and sciences flourish in proportion as he trained up his troops to a sense of emulation and glory.

The confusion, multiplicity of factions, and continual ravages prevailing in *Poland*, hindered the Diet of *Leopold* from coming to any resolution. The Diet was translated it to *Lublin*. But the change of place did not lessen the disorders and uncertainty, which mankind were in; and the assembly satisfied themselves with neither owning *Augustus*, who had abandoned, nor *Stanislaus* who had been elected against

their inclinations; but they were neither sufficiently united, nor resolute enough to name another King.

King *Stanislaus* set out from *Altranstad* on the 1st of July 1707, with General *Renschild*, sixteen Swedish regiments, and abundance of money, to appease these troubles in *Poland*, and make himself peaceably owned. He was acknowledged wherever he passed the discipline of his troops, which the better expressed the barbarity of the *Muscovites*, gained him the people's inclinations; his extreme affability re-united him almost all the factions, in proportion as it was known; and his money procured him the greater part of the army of the crown. The Czar feared he should want provisions in a country, which his troops had laid desolate, retired into *Lithuania*, where he had appointed the rendezvous of the several branches of his army, and established magazines. This treaty left King *Stanislaus* in the peaceable possession of almost all *Poland*.

The only one, who then troubled him in his dominions, was Count *Siniawsky*, Grand General of the crown, of the nomination of *Augustus*. He was a person of very great abilities, and as much ambition, and was at the head of a third party. He neither loved *Augustus* nor *Stanislaus*; and after having made his utmost efforts to make himself elected, he was contented to be head of a party, as he could not be King. The troops of the crown, who continued under his command, had scarce any other pay, besides the liberty of ravaging their own country with impunity. And all who had suffered from plunder, or were apprehensive of it, presently submitted to *Stanislaus*, whose power was daily confirmed.

The King of *Sweden* was then receiving Embassadors in his camp at *Altranstad*, from almost all the Princes in *Christendom*. Some desired him to take the dominions of the Empire, and others pressed

turn his Arms against the Emperor; and it was a current Report, that he designed to join with *France*, in depressing the House of *Austria*. Amongst the Embassadors, was the famous *John Duke of Marlborough*, sent by *Anne Queen of Great Britain*. A man, who never laid siege to a town which he did not take, nor fought a battle which he did not win, was at *St. James's* a perfect courtier, the head of a Party in Parliament, and in foreign countries the most able negotiator of his time. He did *France* much mischief by his understanding, as by his *policy*; and *Fagel*, Secretary of the States General, a man of very great merit, has been heard to say, that more than once the States-General having resolved to oppose what the Duke of *Marlborough* was to lay before them; the Duke came, spoke to them in *French*, in which language he expressed himself very ill, and brought them all into his Sentiments.

In conjunction with *Prince Eugene*, the Companion of his victories, and *Hemsius* the Grand Pensionary of *Holland*, he supported all the weight of the enterprises of the allies against *France*. He knew that *Charles* was exasperated against the Empire and the Emperor; that he was secretly solicited by the *French*; and that the conqueror should join himself to *Lewis XIV.* The allies would be undone.

It is true, *Charles* had given his Word in 1700, not to intermeddle in the war of *Lewis XIV.* with the *Empire*: But the Duke of *Marlborough* did not believe, that any Prince would be so great a slave to his word, as to sacrifice it to his grandeur and Interest. He therefore set out from the *Hague*, with a Design to discover the Intentions of the King of *Sweden*.

As soon as he was arrived at *Lipsick*, where *Charles* was, he applied himself secretly, not to Count the First Minister, but to Baron *Goerts*, who was to share the King's Confidence with *Piper*. He discovered to *Goerts*, that the Design of the allies was, very

shortly to propose to the King of Sweden, to be second time mediator between them and France. He said this, in hopes of discovering by Goerts's answer the King's intentions, and because he chose much rather to have Charles for an arbitrator than an enemy. At last, he had his publick Audience at Lippick.

Upon his first Address to the King, he told him in French, that he should think himself happy, if he could be taught under his orders, what he yet wanted to know in the art of war. He then had a private audience of an Hour long, in which the King spoke in German, and the Duke in French. The Duke who was never in haste to make propositions, having learnt by a long course of experience, the art of penetrating into the sentiments of Mankind, and finding out the secret connection between their inward thoughts and their actions, gestures, and discourses, fixed his eyes attentively upon the King, when he spoke to him of war in general. He thought he perceived in his Majesty a natural aversion towards France, and observed that he was pleased when he talked of the conquests of the allies. He mentioned the Czar to him, and took notice, that his eyes were kindled at his name, notwithstanding the moderation of the conference; and he farther remarked that a Map of Moscovy lay before him upon the table. He wanted no more to determine him in his judgment, that the real Design of the King of Sweden and his sole ambition, were to dethrone the Czar, whom he had already done the K. of Poland. He understood that he had no other Views, by continuing in Sweden, than to impose by that means certain hard laws upon the Emperor of Germany. But he knew that the Emperor would comply with them, and that all matters would be easily made up. He left Charles to his natural inclination; and being satisfied with having discovered his intentions, he made him a kind of proposal.

The King, who had not as yet experienced ill fortune, or even any interruption of his successes, thought that one year would be sufficient for de-throning the Czar, and that then he might return and raise himself by his own power to the dignity of arbiter of *Europe*; but he had a mind first to bring down the spirit of the Emperor of *Germany*. Count *Zobor*, the Emperor's Chamberlain, had spoke very disrespectfully of the King of *Sweden*, in the presence of the *Swedish* Embassador at *Vienna*. The Emperor had made amends, though much against his will, by banishing the Count. But this could not satisfy the King of *Sweden*; he insisted on the delivery of Count *Zobor* into his hands. The pride of the court of *Vienna* was obliged to comply, and give up the Count to the King, who sent him back, after having kept him some time a prisoner at *Stetin*.

The Emperor, who was forced to make this and other concessions, absolutely complied with the will of *Charles XII.* was named *Joseph*, the eldest son of *Frederick*, and brother to the wife Emperor *Charles VI.* who succeeded him.

Count *Wratislaw*, his Embassador with *Charles XII.* brought the treaty to *Lipsick* in favour of the *Silesians*, signed by his master's own hand. *Charles* then said, he was satisfied, and was the Emperor's very good friend. However, he was much disgusted at the opposition he had found from *Rome* upon every occasion. He looked with the utmost contempt upon the weakness of that court, which being at present an irreconcilable enemy to one half of *Europe*, is always in distrust of the other, and supports its credit only by its skill in negotiations. In the mean time he meditated revenge. He told Count *Wratislaw*, that the *Swedes* had formerly conquered *Rome*, and had not been so generous as *Rome* had done. And he let the Pope know, that he would one day demand back the effects

which Queen *Christina* had left at *Rome*. One can not tell how far this young conqueror would have carried his resentments and his arms, if fortune had prospered his designs. Nothing then appeared impossible to him. He had even sent privately several officers into *Asia*, and as far as *Ægypt*, to take the plan of the towns, and inform him of the strength of those countries. 'Tis certain that if any one could have overturned the Empire of the *Persians* and *Turks*, and then have passed into *Italy*, it was *Charles XII*. He was as young as *Alexander*, as much a soldier and as enterprising; but more indefatigable, more robust, and more virtuous; and the *Swedes* perhaps exceeded the *Macedonians*: But such projects, which are looked upon with astonishment, when attended with success, are treated as chimæra's, when they want it.

At last, all difficulties being removed, and whatever he had a mind to be executed; after having humbled the Emperor, given law in the Empire, protected the *Lutheran* religion in the midst of *man-catholicks*, dethroned one King, crowned another, and seen himself the terror of all the Princes around him, he prepared for his departure. The pleasures of *Saxony*, where he had lain idle a full year, had made no alteration in his manner of living. He mounted on horseback three times a day, rose at four in the morning, dressed himself alone, drank no wine, sat at table but one quarter of an hour, exercised his troops every day, and knew no other pleasure, but that of making *Europe* tremble.

The *Swedes* did not yet know, whither their King would lead 'em; only it was suspected in the army that he might go to *Moscow*. Some days before his departure, he ordered the Grand Mareschal of his household to give him in writing the route from *Lipsick*... He paused a while at that word, and the Mareschal might have no suspicion of his purpose.

As, he added smiling——to all the capital cities of Europe. The Marechal brought him a list of them and at the head of them had affected to put in great letters, *The Road from Lipsick to Stockholm.* The generality of the Swedes wished only to return home; but the King was far from the thought of carrying them back into their own country. *I see,* says he, *whither you would lead me, but we shall return to Stockholm so soon.* l

The army was already upon their march, and fled near *Dresden.* Charles was at their head, and going, according to his custom, about a quarter of a mile before his Guards. They lost sight of him all at once, and some of the officers spurred on their horses to see where he was; but with all their enquiry they could not find him. The whole army took the alarm in a moment. They made a halt, and the Generals met together; and whilst they were in great consternation, they learnt at last from a Saxon, who was passing by, what was become of him.

He had a mind, as he passed so near *Dresden,* to make a visit to King *Augustus.* He entered the town on horseback, attended by three or four General officers, and went directly to alight at the palace. He was got as far as the Elector's apartment, before it was known that he was in the town. General *Fleury* having seen the King of Sweden at a distance, had only time to run and inform his master. All that could be done on such an occasion was presented to the idea of the Minister, who laid it before *Augustus*; but Charles entered the chamber in his boots, before *Augustus* had time to recover from his Surprise. He was then sick, and in a night-gown, but dressed himself presently. Charles breakfasted with him as a traveller, who came to take leave of his friend, and then he expressed his desire of viewing the fortifications. During the little time that was taken up in walking round them, a *Livonian* condemn'd in

in Sweden, who served in the troops of Saxony, though he could never have a more favourable opportunity of obtaining pardon, and begged of King Augustus to ask it of Charles; being fully assured, that his Majesty could not refuse so slight a request to a Prince, from whom he had taken a Crown, and whose power he then was. Augustus was easily prevailed upon to undertake it. He stood at a little distance from the King of Sweden, and was discoursing with Hoord, a Swedish General, *'I believe, says Augustus smiling, that your master will not refuse me. You do know him, replies General Hoord, he will rather reject you here, than any where else. Augustus, notwithstanding, asked a Pardon for the Livonian, of the King in very pressing terms; and Charles denied him in such a manner, that he did not think fit to ask a second time. After having passed some hours in this odd kind of visit, he embraced King Augustus and took his leave. Upon returning to his army, he found all his General officers assembled in a council of war, and asked the reason. General Rencourt told him, they had determin'd to besiege Dresden, in case his Majesty had been detained a Prisoner. Right says the King, they durst not, they durst not. The next morning, upon the news that King Augustus held an extraordinary council at Dresden, You see, says Rencourt, they are deliberating upon what they should have done yesterday.*

The End of the Third Book.

TH

THE

HISTORY

OF

CHARLES XII.

KING of SWEDEN.

BOOK IV.

CHARLES at last took leave of *Saxony* in September 1707, followed by an army of three and forty thousand men, formerly covered with steel, but then shining with gold and silver, and enriched with the spoils of *Poland* and *Saxony*. Every soldier carry'd with him fifty crowns in ready money; all the regiments were compleat, and not only so, but in every company there were several supernumeraries, who waited for vacant places. Besides this army, Count *Levenhaup*, one of his best generals, waited for him in *Poland* with twenty thousand men; and he had besides another army of fifteen thousand in *Finland*; and fresh recruits were coming to him from *Sweden*. With all these forces was not doubted but he must dethrone the Czar.

The Emperor of *Muscovy* was then in *Lithuania*, employed in keeping up the spirits of a party, which King *Augustus* seemed to have renounced. His troops, divided into several bodies, fled on all sides upon the first report of the King of *Sweden*'s approach. He had

had himself advised all his Generals never to war for the coming up of this conqueror with unequal force.

The King of *Sweden* in the midst of his victorious march, received a solemn embassy from the *Turks*. The Ambassador had his audience in *Charles Piper's* quarters; for 'twas there always that ceremonies of pomp were performed. He supported the dignity of his master by a magnificent appearance, and the King, who was always worse lodged, worse served, and more plainly clad than the meanest officer in his army, would often say that his palace was *Piper's* quarters. The *Turkish* Ambassador presented *Charles* with an hundred *Swedish* soldiers; who having been taken by the *Calmouks*, sold in *Turkey*, and redeemed by the Grand Seignior, were sent by him to the King, as the most agreeable present he could make him; not that the *Ottoman* pride pretended to pay homage to the glory of *Charles XII.* but because the Sultan, a natural enemy to the Emperors of *Muscovy* and *Germany*, was desirous of strength'ning himself against them by the friendship of *Sweden* and the alliance of *Poland*. The Ambassador complimented *Stanislaus* upon his advancement to the crown; and thus he was owned as King in a very little time by *Germany*, *France*, *England*, *Spain*, and *Turkey*. There remained only the Pope, who before he acknowledged him, was willing to wait, till time had settled the crown upon his head, which a turn of fortune might strike off.

Charles had scarce given audience to the Ambassador of the *Ottoman* port, before he began his march in search of the *Muscovites*.

Charles left *Stanislaus* in *Poland* with ten thousand *Swedes* and his new subjects to assist him in the preservation of his kingdom, against his foreign and domestick enemies; for himself, he marched at the

ad of his horse amidst ice and snow towards *Grodno* in the month of *January* 1708.

He had already passed the *Niemen* within two leagues of the town, before the Czar knew any thing of his march. Upon the first news that the *Swedes* were coming, the Czar leaves the town by the north-gate, and *Charles* enters by the south. The King had with him but six hundred of his guards, the rest not being able to follow him; and the Czar led with above two thousand men, upon supposition that a whole army was entering into *Grodno*; but he learnt that very day from a *Polish* deserter, that he had left the place to no more than six hundred men, and that the body of the enemy's army was still above five leagues distant. He lost no time, but sent a detachment of fifteen hundred horse in the evening to surprise the King of *Sweden* in the town. The seven hundred *Muscovites*, assisted by the darkness of the night, advanced as far as the first *Swedish* guard, without being known. This guard consisted of thirty men; and they alone sustained the effort of fifteen hundred for half a quarter of an hour. The King, who lay at the other end of the town, came presently with his six hundred guards; and the *Muscovites* fled with precipitation. His army were long without joining him, nor he without pursuing the enemy. All the *Muscovite* troops dispersed into *Lithuania*, retired in haste eastward into the Palatinate of *Minsky*, near the frontiers of *Muscovy*, where their rendezvous was appointed. The *Swedes*, whom the King also divided into several bodies, did not cease to pursue them for above thirty leagues of their way. Those who fled, and those who pursued, made excessive marches almost every day, though in the midst of winter. All seasons had been long equal to the soldiers of *Charles* and of the Czar; the sole terror, which the name of *Charles* carried with it, then made the difference between the *Muscovites* and the *Swedes*.

From

From *Grodno* to the *Borysthene*s eastward lye north but morasses, desarts, mountains, and immense forests; in such places as are cultivated, there was provision to be found; the country people buried their grain under-ground, and whatever else could be preserved there. In order to discover these subterraneous magazines, they were obliged to sound the earth with long poles pointed with iron. The *Moscovites* and *Swedes* served themselves with these provisions by turns; but they were not always found, nor did they prove sufficient when they were.

The King of *Sweden*, who had foreseen these difficulties, had provided biscuit for the subsistence of his army, so that nothing stopt him in his march. After he had crossed the forest of *Minsky*, where the men were obliged every moment to cut down trees to make way for his troops and baggage, he found himself on the 25th of *June*, 1708, before the river *Berezine*, over-against *Borislow*.

The Czar had got together the best Part of his troops in that place, and intrenched himself to great advantage. His Design was to hinder the *Swedes* from passing the river. *Charles* posted some of his regiments on the banks of the *Berezine*, directly against *Borislow*, as though he meant to attempt the passage in sight of the enemy. At the same time, he led his army about three leagues up the river, throw a bridge over it, makes his way thro' a body of ten thousand men, who defended that post, and marched to the enemy without stopping. The *Moscovites* did not however wait for his coming up, but immediately decamped, and retreated towards the *Borysthene*s, spoiling all the roads, and spreading destruction wherever they passed, that by this means, at least, they might retard the progress of the *Swedes*.

Charles surmounted all difficulties, advancing towards the *Borysthene*s. He met with twenty thousand *Moscovites* in his way intrenched in a place named

ofm, behind a morass, which could not be come without passing a river. Charles did not wait for assault till the rest of his infantry came up, but threw himself into the water at the head of his foots, and crossed the river and the morass, with water sometimes above his Shoulders. Whilst thus marched against the enemy, he ordered his to pass round the morass, and fall upon them flank. The *Muscovites* in amaze, that no barrier could defend them, were at the same time routed by King on foot, and by the *Swedish* horse.

The horse having made their way through the army, joined the King in the midst of the battle. Then mounted on horseback, but some time after seeing a young *Swedish* gentleman, named *Gullen*, whom he very much esteemed, wounded in the field, and unable to march, he obliged him to leave his horse, and continued to command on foot at the head of his infantry. Of all the battles he had fought, this in all probability was the most glorious, that wherein he was exposed to the most dangers, and where he shewed the greatest abilities. The memory of it is preserved by a medal, with this inscription on one side, *Sylvæ, paludes, aggeres, hostes*; and on the other, *Victrices copias alium laturus in*.

The *Muscovites* thus obliged to fly, repassed the *Bug*, which separates the dominions of *Poland* from their own country. Charles lost no time in pursuit, he crossed that great river after them at *Wilna*, the last town in *Poland*, which sometimes belongs to the Czar, and sometimes to the *Poles*, according to the common fate of frontier places.

The Czar, thus seeing his Empire, in which he was giving birth to arts and trade, become a prey to war, which in a little time might ruin all his prospects, and perhaps take from him his throne, was inclined to a peace, and even ventured some propo-

fals by a *Polish* gentleman, whom he sent to the *Swedish* army. *Charles XII.* who had not been to grant peace to his enemies, but in their capital only answered, *I will treat with the Czar at Moscow.* When this haughty answer was reported to the Czar, *My brother Charles,* says he, *still affects to act the Alexander; but I flatter my self he will not find a Darius in me.*

About thirty leagues northward from *Mohilon*, a place where the King passed the *Boristhenes*, along the river, and still upon the frontiers of *Poland* and *Moscovy*, is situate the country of *Smolensko*, in which lies the great road from *Poland* to *Muscovy*. Thence the Czar retreated, and the King followed him long marches; and so close, that part of the rear-guard of the *Muscovites* was frequently engaged with the *Dragoons* of the *Swedish* van-guard. The King had generally the advantage; but they weakened themselves even by conquering in these small skirmishes, which were never decisive, and in which they always lost abundance of men.

On the 22d of September, in this year 1709, the King attacked a body of ten thousand horse and six thousand *Calmonks* near *Smolensko*. The King pressed upon them with only six regiments of horse, and four thousand foot; broke their ranks upon the onset at the head of his *Ostrogothick* regiment, and forced the enemy to retreat. He advanced upon them through rough and hollow ways, where the *Calmonks* lay hid; they then appeared again, and threw themselves between the regiment where the King was fighting and the rest of the *Swedish* army. The *Muscovites* and *Calmonks* in an instant surrounded this regiment, and made their way quite up to the Majesty. They killed two *Aids de Camp*, who fought near his person. The King's horse was slain under him; and as one of his equerries was presenting him

th another, both the equerry and horse were struck
 upon the spot. *Charles* fought on foot, encircled
 some of his officers, who immediately flew to
 save him, by surrounding him.

Several of them were taken, wounded or slain, or
 carried off to a distance from the King by the multi-
 tude that fell upon them, so that only five Men were
 about him. He was quite spent with fatigue,
 having killed above a dozen of the enemy with his
 own hand, without receiving so much as one wound,
 that inexpressible good fortune, which till then
 had ever attended him, and upon which he still relied.
 At last, Colonel *Dardoff* forced his way through the
Almouks with a single company of his regiment, and
 gave time enough to disengage the King. The rest
 of the *Swedes* put the *Tartars* to the sword; the army
 covered its ranks, *Charles* mounted his horse, and,
 fatigued as he was, pursued the *Moscovites* two
 leagues.

Charles having made a review of his whole army,
 and taken an account of their Provisions, found that
 he had not wherewithal to subsist them above fifteen
 days. General *Levenhaup*, who was appointed to bring
 him a supply, with a reinforcement of fifteen thou-
 sand men, was not yet come up; he therefore resolv-
 ed to quit the road to *Moscow*, and turn to the south
 towards *Ukrania*, into the country of the *Cossacks*,
 a waste between the Lesser *Tartary*, *Poland* and *Muscovy*.

Ukrania has always aspired to be free; but being
 surrounded by *Muscovy*, the dominions of the Grand
Tartar, and *Poland*, it has ever been obliged to seek
 for a protector, and consequently a Master, in one of
 those three States. 'Twas first put under the prote-
 ction of *Poland*, which carried it over them with too
 much a hand; they then applied to the *Moscovite*, who
 governed them as Slaves, as much as possible. The
Ukrainians had the privilege at first, of choosing a Prince
 under the name of General, but they were soon after

deprived of this right, and the General nominated to the court of *Moscow*.

The Place was then filled by a *Polish* gentleman named *Mazeppa*, born in the Palatinate of *Podolia*. He had been brought up a Page to King *John Casimir* and had received some tincture of polite learning in his court. An intrigue he had in his youth with the lady of a *Polish* gentleman being discovered, his husband caused him to be whipt, and then tied naked upon a wild Horse, and sent to ramble in that condition. The horse, which had been brought out of *Ukrania*, returned into its own country, and carried *Mazeppa* with him half killed with hunger and fatigue. Some of the country people gave him relief; he lived a long time among them, and signalized himself by several excursions against the *Tartars*. The superiority of his Understanding made him very considerable among the *Cossacks*, and his reputation daily increasing, obliged the Czar to make him Prince of *Ukrania*.

One day as he sat at table with the Czar at *Moscow*, the Emperor proposed to him to discipline the *Cossacks* and render those people more dependant. *Mazeppa* answered, that the situation of *Ukrania*, and the genius of the nation, were obstacles not to be surmounted. The Czar, who was somewhat overheated with wine, and did not always command with passion, called him traytor, and threatened to have him empaled,

Mazeppa, upon his return into *Ukrania*, laid a scheme of a revolt. The *Swedish* army, which appeared soon after upon the frontiers, opened him an easy way to it; and he took a resolution of becoming independent, and raising himself a powerful Kingdom out of *Ukrania*, and the ruins of the *Russian* empire. He was a person of great courage, of an enterprising genius, and indefatigable labour; he entered into a secret league with the King of *Sweden*, to hasten the downfall of the Czar, and make his own advantage of it.

The King appointed the rendezvous near the river *Desna*. *Mazeppa* promised to meet him there with forty thousand men, proper ammunition and provisions, and all his treasures, which are immensely large. The Swedish army therefore was ordered to march towards that side of the country, to the great astonishment of all the officers, who knew nothing of the King's treaty with the *Cossacks*. *Charles* sent orders to *Levenhaup*, to bring up his troops and provisions with all speed into *Ukrania*, where he designed to pass the winter; that having secured that country to himself, he might conquer *Moscow* the next spring; and in the mean time he advanced towards the river *Desna*, which falls into the *Borysthene*s at *Kiou*.

The obstacles they had hitherto encountered in their march were trifles to those they met with in this new road. They were obliged to cross a forest full fifty leagues broad, which abounded in marshes. General *Gercken*, who marched before, with five thousand men and pioneers, led the army thirty leagues eastward out of the right way; and they had marched four days before the King discovered the mistake. With difficulty they did get into the right road again, but left almost all their artillery and waggons behind, which were either stuck fast, or quite sunk in the mud.

They marched for twelve days in this painful and laborious manner, till they had eat up the little biscuit that was left, and then they arrived quite spent with hunger and weariness upon the banks of the *Desna*, at the place where *Mazeppa* had appointed to meet them; but instead of the Prince, they found a body of *Moscovites* advancing towards the other side of the river. The King was very much astonished, but resolved immediately to pass the *Desna*, and attack the enemy. The banks of the river were so steep, that they were obliged to let the soldiers down with ladders; and they crossed it, according to their usual

manner, some by swimming, and others on floats hastily made. The body of *Muscovites*, which arrived at the same time, were not above eight thousand men; so that they made but small resistance and this obstacle was also surmounted.

Charles advanced farther into this wretched country, uncertain of his road and *Mazeppa's* fidelity. *Mazeppa* appeared at last, but rather as a fugitive than a powerful ally. The *Muscovites* had discovered and prevented his designs. They had fallen upon the *Cossacks*, and cut them in pieces; his principal friends were taken sword in hand, and thirty of them had been broke upon the wheel. His towns were laid in ashes, his treasures plundered, the provisions he was preparing for the King of *Sweden* seized; and he was scarce able to escape himself with six thousand men, and some few horses laden with gold and silver. However, he gave the King hopes of supporting him by his intelligences in this unknown country, and the affection of all the *Cossacks*, who were enraged against the *Moscovites*, came in troops to the camp, and brought them provisions.

Charles hoped at least that General *Levenhaup* would come and repair this ill fortune. He was to bring with him about fifteen thousand *Swedes*, which were more valuable than a hundred thousand *Cossacks*, with provisions of ammunition and victual. He arrived at last, but almost in the same condition as *Mazeppa*.

He had already passed the *Boristhenes* above *Mobilien* and advanced about twenty leagues farther, on the road to *Ukrania*. He brought the King a convoy of eight thousand waggons, with the money he had raised in *Lithuania*, and as he was upon his march. Upon coming up towards *Lesno*, near the place where the rivers of *Pronia* and *Sossa* join to disengage themselves far below into the *Boristhenes*, the Czar appeared at the head of fifty thousand men.

The *Swedish* General, who had not quite sixteen thousand, resolved not to entrench. Their many victories had inspired the *Swedes* with so much confidence, that they never enquired after the number of the enemy, but only where they lay. *Levenhaup* therefore marched against them without hesitation on the seventh of *October* 1708, in the afternoon. Upon the first onset they killed fifteen hundred *Muscovites*. The Czar's army fell into confusion, and fled in all sides; and the Emperor of *Russia* was upon the point of seeing himself entirely defeated. He perceived that the safety of his dominions depended upon the action of that day, and that he was utterly undone, if *Levenhaup* joined the King of *Sweden* with his victorious army.

As soon as he saw his troops begin to fall back, he ran to the rear-guard, where the *Cossacks* and *Calenches* were posted: *I charge you*, says he, *to fire upon every man that runs away, and even to kill me, if I should be so cowardly, as to turn my back*. From thence he turned to the van-guard, rallied his troops in person, assisted by Prince *Menzikof*, and Prince *Gallitsin*: *Levenhaup*, who had pressing orders to join his master, chose rather to continue on his march than renew the fight, thinking he had done enough to discourage the enemy from pursuing.

At eleven the next morning the Czar attacked him on the entrance upon a morass, and drew out his army at length, that he might surround him. The *Swedes* faced about, and the fight lasted two hours with equal resolution. The *Muscovites* lost three times as many men, but still kept their ground, and the victory was undecided.

At four in the afternoon General *Baver* brought the Czar a supply of troops. The battle was then renewed for the third time, with more fury and eagerness than ever, and lasted till night came on. At last, numbers carried it. The *Swedes* were broke, routed,

ed, and driven as far as to their baggage. *Levenhaup* rallied his troops behind his waggons, and though the *Swedes* were conquered, they did not fly. They were about nine thousand, and not one single man of them ran away; and the General drew them up as easily in order of battle, as though they had never been beaten.

The Czar on the other side passed the night under arms, and commanded his officers under pain of being cashiered, and his soldiers under pain of death not to stir for plunder.

The next morning at day-break, he ordered a fresh assault, *Levenhaup* had retired to an advantageous ground at some miles distance, after having nailed down part of his cannon, and set fire to his waggons.

The *Muscovites* came time enough to hinder the whole convoy from being consumed in the flames; they seized upon six thousand waggons, which they saved. The Czar, who was desirous of completing the defeat of the *Swedes*, sent General *Flug* to fall upon them again the fifth time; and the General offered them an honourable capitulation. *Levenhaup* refused it, and the fifth battle was as bloody as any of the former. Of the nine thousand soldiers he had left, he lost one half, and the other remained unbroken. At last night coming on, *Levenhaup*, after having sustained five battles against fifty thousand men, swam over the *Soffa*, followed by the six thousand men he had left alive, and the wounded were carried over on floats. The Czar lost above twenty thousand *Muscovites* in these five engagements, in which he had the glory of conquering the *Swedes*, and *Levenhaup* the reputation of disputing the victory for three days, and of retreating without being broken at last. He then came to his master's camp with the honour of having made so good a defence, but bringing with him neither ammunition nor army.

King

King *Stanislaus* would have been glad to have joined *Charles* at the same time, but the *Muscovites* who had conquered *Levenhaup*, lay in his way, and *Miniausk*y employed him enough in *Poland*.

The King of *Sweden* thus found himself without provisions or communication with *Poland*, surrounded with enemies in the midst of a country, where he had scarce any refuge but his courage.

In this extremity the memorable winter of 1709, which was still more terrible in those frontiers of Europe, than it was in *France*, carried off part of his army. *Charles* resolved to brave the seasons, as he had done his enemies, and ventured to make long marches with his troops during the excessive severity of the weather. 'Twas in one of these marches that two thousand of his men were starved to death almost before his eyes. The horsemen had no boots, and the foot were without shoes, and almost without clothes. They were forced to make stockings of the skins of beasts, in the best manner they could. They often wanted bread. They were obliged to throw the best part of their cannon into quagmires and rivers, for want of horses to draw them along. So that this once flourishing army was reduced to four and twenty thousand men ready to perish for hunger. They neither received news from *Sweden*, nor were able to send thither. In this condition one single officer complained. *How, says the King, are you uneasy that you are so far from your wife? If you are a soldier indeed, I will carry you to that distance, that you shall scarce hear from Sweden once in three years.*

A soldier grumbling, ventur'd to present him, in presence of the whole army, with a piece of bread, that was black and mouldy, made of barley and oats, the only food they then had, nor had they enough of this: The King received the piece of bread without the least emotion, eat it entirely up, and then said coldly to the soldier, *It is not good, but it may be eaten.*

sen. This little turn, if any thing may be called little, that serves to encrease respect and confidence, contributed more than all the rest to support the Swedish army under extremities, which would have been intolerable under any other General.

In this situation he at last received news from *Stockholm*, but it was only to inform him of the death of his sister the Duchess of *Holstein*, who was carried off by the small-pox in *December* 1708, in the 27th year of her age. She was a Princess as mild and compassionate, as her brother was imperious in his demands, and implacable in his revenge. He had always expressed a very great affection for her, and was the more afflicted at her loss, as beginning now to grow unfortunate, he became sensible of deeper impressions.

He learnt also that they had raised troops and money pursuant to his orders: But nothing could reach his camp; as there lay between him and *Stockholm* near five hundred leagues, and an enemy superior in number to encounter.

The Czar, who was as active as the King of Sweden, after having sent fresh forces into Poland, to the assistance of the confederates, united under General *Siniansky* against *Stanislaus*, advanced very soon into *Ukrania* in the midst of this severe winter, to oppose the King of Sweden. He continued there with a view of weakening the enemy by small engagements; for by this means he thought the Swedish army must be ruined entirely at last, as it could not be recruited, whilst he was able to draw fresh forces every moment out of his own dominions.

The cold there must have been excessive indeed since it obliged the two enemies to agree upon a suspension of arms. But upon the first of *February* they began to engage again in the midst of ice and snow.

After

After several small skirmishes, and some disadvantages, the King's army was reduced in *April* to eighteen thousand *Swedes*. *Mazeppa* alone, the Prince of the *Cossacks*, supplied them with the necessaries of life. Without his assistance, the army must have perished through hunger and misery. The Czar, in this conjuncture, offered conditions to *Mazeppa*, to draw him again into his service. But the *Cossack* continued faithful to his new ally, whether it were through fear of the terrible punishment of the Wheel, by which he had lost his friends, or whether through a desire of revenge.

Charles with his eighteen thousand *Swedes*, and as many *Cossacks*, had not laid aside the design, or hopes of penetrating as far as *Moscow*. Towards the end of *May* he went to lay siege to *Pultawa*, upon the river *Vorsklat*, on the borders of *Ukrania* eastward, about thirteen long leagues from the *Borysthene*s, where the Czar had made a magazine. If the King took it, he would open him the road to *Moscow*, and in the abundance he should then possess, he could at least wait for the coming up of the succours he still expected from *Sweden*, *Livonia*, *Pomerania*, and *Poland*. His sole refuge being then in the conquest of *Pultawa*, he carried on the siege with vigour. *Mazeppa*, who had a correspondence in the town, assured him he would soon be master of it, and hope began to revive in his army. His soldiers looked upon the taking of *Pultawa* as the end of all their miseries.

The King perceived, from the beginning of the siege, that he had taught his enemies the art of war. Since *Menzikoff*, notwithstanding all his precautions, drew fresh troops into the town, and the garrison, by this means amounted to almost ten thousand men.

The King continued the siege with still more warmth, he carried the advanced works, gave two assaults to the body of the place, and took the courage. The siege was in this condition, when the King,

King, having rode into the river to take a near view of some of the works, received a shot from a carbine, which pierced through his boot, and shattered a bone of his heel. There was not the least alteration observed in his countenance, by which could be suspected that he was wounded. He continued calmly to give orders, and remained near four hours on horseback afterwards. One of his domesticks at last perceiving that the sole of his boot was bloody, made haste to call the surgeons; and his pain then began to be so sharp, that they were forced to take him off his horse, and carry him into his tent. The surgeons looking upon the wound, observed that it already began to mortify, and were of opinion, that the leg must be cut off. The army was in the utmost consternation; but one of the surgeons named *Newman*, who was better skilled, and more courageous than the rest, was positive, that by making deep incisions, he could save the King's leg. *For to work then presently*, says the King, *cut boldly, fear nothing*. He held the leg himself with both his hands, looking upon the incisions that were made, as though the operation had been performed upon another person.

As they were laying on the dressing, he gave orders for an assault the next morning; but the orders were scarce given, before word was brought him that the Czar appeared with an army of above seventy thousand men. He was therefore obliged to take another resolution. *Charles*, wounded, and incapable of acting, saw himself inclosed between the *Borysthene* and the river which runs to *Pultawa*, in a desolate country, without any places of security or ammunition, and opposed to an army, which had prevented him either from retreating, or being supply'd with provisions. In this extremity, he assembled no council of war, as might have been expected; but on the 7th of *July* at night he sent for *Marschal Rencb* into his tent, and ordered him, without deliberation

without uneasiness, to prepare to attack the
 the next morning. *Renchild* did not dispute his
 ster's will, but went out with a resolution to
 y him. At the door of the King's tent he met
 unt *Piper*, with whom he had long been at vari-
 e, as it often happens between the Minister and
 General. *Piper* asked him, if any thing new had
 pened: No, says the General coldly, and passed on
 give his orders. As soon as *Piper* was entered in-
 the tent, *Has Renchild said any thing to you*,
 the King to him. Nothing, answers *Piper*. Well
 , replies the King, *I tell you, that to morrow we*
 l give battle. Count *Piper* was astonished at so
 perate a resolution; but knew well that his ma-
 could not be prevailed on to change his opinion;
 only express'd his astonishment by his silence, and
 the King to sleep till break of day.

It was on the 8th of *July 1709*, that the decisive
 le of *Pultawa* was fought between the two most
 ous monarchs then in the world, *Charles XII.* and
Alexiowitz. To have a clear idea of this battle,
 the place where it was fought, we must imagine
 awa lying on the north, the camp of the King
 Sweden on the south, drawing a little towards the
 his baggage about a mile behind him, and the
 er of *Pultawa* on the north of the town, running
 m east to west.

The Czar had passed the river about a league from
 awa towards the west, and was beginning to
 m his camp.

At day-break the *Swedes* appeared out of their
 ches with four cannons for their whole artille-
 the rest were left in the camp with about three
 usand men; and four thousand remained with
 baggage. So that the *Swedish* army, which march-
 against the enemy, consisted of above five and
 enty thousand men, whereof there were not above
 lve thousand regular troops.

The Generals, *Renschild*, *Field*, *Levenhaup*, *Slipen*, *Hoorn*, *Sparre*, *Hamilton*, the Prince of *Wittenberg* who was related to the King, and some of the most of whom had seen the battle of *Narva*, the subaltern officers in mind of that day, eight thousand *Swedes* had destroyed an army of a hundred thousand *Muscovites* in their intrenchments. The officers said the same thing to the soldiers, all encouraged one another as they marched.

The King conducted the march, carried in a chariot at the head of his foot. A party of horse advanced by his order to attack that of the enemy. The battle began with this engagement at half an hour past four in the morning. The enemy's horse lay well on the right of the *Muscovite* camp; Prince *Mentz* and Count *Gallowin* had placed them at distances between redoubts fortified with cannon. General *Slipenbak*, at the head of the *Swedes*, fell upon them, who have served in the *Swedish* troops know that it was almost impossible to resist the fury of their shock. The *Muscovite* squadrons were broken and routed. The Czar himself ran to rally them, his hat was shot through with a musket ball; *Zikoff* had three horses killed under him; and the *Swedes* cried out Victory.

Charles did not doubt but the battle was gained, he had dispatched General *Crents* about midnight with five thousand horse or dragoons, who were to attack the enemy in flank, whilst he attacked them in front, but his misfortune was, that *Crents* went out of the way, and did not appear. The Czar, who thought himself lost, had time to rally his horse, fell upon the King's cavalry in his turn, which being supported by *Crents's* detachment, was broken likewise, and *Slipenbak* taken prisoner in the engagement. At the same time seventy two cannons from the camp played upon the *Swedish* horse, and

an foot opening from their lines, advanced to attack the *Swedish* infantry.

The Czar immediately detaches Prince *Menzikoff* to post himself between *Pultawa* and the *Swedes*; Prince *Menzikoff* executed his masters orders with alacrity and readiness; and not only cut off the communication between the *Swedish* army, and the troops remaining in the camp before *Pultawa*, but acting with a *Corps de Reserve* of three thousand men he surrounded them, and cut them in pieces. In the mean time the *Muscovite* foot came out of their lines, and advanced in order into the plain. On the other side, the *Swedish* horse rallied in a quarter of a league from the enemy's army. The King, assisted by General *Renchild*, made a disposition for a general engagement.

He ranged what troops were left him in two lines; his foot were posted in the center, and his horse made up the two wings. The Czar disposed his army in the same manner; he had the advantage of numbers, and of seventy two cannon, whilst the King had no more than four, and began to want ammunition.

The Emperor of *Muscovy* was in the center of his army, having then the title only of Major General, but seemed to serve under General *Cseremetoff*. But when he went as Emperor from rank to rank, mounted on a *Turkish* horse, which was a present from the Grand Signor, exhorting the officers and soldiers, promising every one of them rewards.

Charles did all he could to sit his horse at the head of his troops; but finding the posture too painful, he returned to his litter, holding his sword in one hand, and a pistol in the other.

At nine in the morning the battle was renewed; and on the first discharges of the *Muscovite* cannon he lost off the two horses of the King's litter; he ordered two others to be strait put to it, and a second

volley broke the litter in pieces, and overturned the King. The troops which fought near him believed him killed. The *Swedes* in a consternation lost ground, and their powder failing, and the enemy's cannon continuing to play upon them, the first line fell upon the second, and the second fled. In this action the *Swedish* army was routed by a single file of ten thousand men of the *Muscovite* foot; so that the matters were changed.

The King, carried upon Pikes by four grenadiers covered with blood, and all over bruised with the fall, and scarce able to speak, cried out, *Swedes, Swedes*. Anger and grief renewing his strength, he tried to rally some of his regiments. But the *Muscovites* closely pursued them with their swords, bayonets and pikes. The Prince of *Wirtemberg*, General *Reichhold*, *Hamilton*, and *Stakelberg*, were already taken prisoners, the camp before *Pultawa* forced, and all in confusion, which did not admit of any remedy. Count *Piper* with all the officers of the chancery fled, and quitted the camp, and neither knew what to do, nor what was become of the King. They ran from one side of the plain to the other. Major *Bere* offered to lead them to the baggage; but the clouds of smoke and smog, which covered the field, and their own confusion, carried them straight to the counterscarp of the town, where they were all taken prisoners, and the garrison.

The King would not fly, and could not defend himself. General *Poniatosky* chanced to be by him at that instant; he was a colonel of the *Swedish* guards of King *Stanislaus*, and a person of uncommon spirit, whom his attachment to the person of *Charles* had engaged to follow him into *Ukrania* without a post in the army. He was one, who in all occurrences of his life, and in dangers, where others most would have only behaved with courage, showed a command of understanding, which was

attended

ended with success, he made a sign to a young
 de named *Frederick*, the King's first valet de chambre,
 as intrepid as his master; they take the King
 der their arms, and assisted by a *Drabant* who
 ne up to them, mount him on horseback, not-
 hstanding the excessive pains of his wound. *Fre-*
ck got up behind his master, and supported him
 m time to time.

Poniatosky, though he had no command in the ar-
 , being made a General on this occasion by neces-
 , drew up five hundred horse near the King's
 son; some of them *Drabans*, others officers, others
 vate troopers. This body, re-animated by the
 siortune of their Prince, made their way through
 ore than ten regiments of *Muscovites*, and con-
 cted *Charles* through the midst of the enemy, the
 ace of a league, to the baggage of the *Swedish*
 my.

This surprizing retreat was of great consequence
 such distress, but the King was under a necessity
 flying still farther. They found amongst the bag-
 ge Count *Piper's* coach, for the King never had
 e since he left *Stockholm*. They put him into it,
 d made towards the *Borysthenes* with all possible
 ed. The King, who from the time he was set
 horseback till he came to the baggage, had never
 ke one single word, then asked what was become
 Count *Piper*. They told him he was taken with
 the officers of chancery: and General *Renchild*,
 d the Prince of *Wirtemberg*? added the King, They
 e prisoners too, says *Poniatosky*. Prisoners to *Mosco-*
 es! replies *Charles*, shrugging up his Shoulders.
 me on then, let us go to the Turks rather. They did
 t observe however the least alteration in his coun-
 nance, and whoever had then seen him, and not
 own his condition, would have never suspected
 m to have been either conquered or wounded.

Whilst he was getting off, the *Muscovites* seized upon his artillery in the camp before *Pultawa*, his baggage, and the money he had raised for carrying on the war, where they found six millions in specie the spoils of *Poland* and *Saxony*. Near nine thousand *Swedes* were killed in the battle, about six thousand were taken, three or four thousand ran away, and were never heard of since. There still remained near eighteen thousand men, comprehending the *Cossacks*, with the *Swedes* and *Poles* who fled towards the *Borysthenes*, under the direction of General *Levenhaup*. He marched on one side with these fugitive troops whilst the King took another road with some of his horse. The coach in which he rode, broke down in his march, and they set him again on horseback. And to finish his misfortune, he rambled all night in a wood; there his courage not being able to support any longer his exhausted spirits, and the pains of his wounds becoming more insupportable by fatigue and his horse falling under him thro' excessive weariness, he rested himself for some hours at the foot of a tree, in danger of being surprised every moment by the conquerors, who sought for him on all sides.

At last, on the 9th of *July* at night, he found himself upon the banks of the *Borysthenes*, and *Levenhaup* just arrived with the remains of his army. The *Swedes* saw their King again, whom they judged to have been dead, with a joy mixed with sorrow. The enemy drew nigh, and they had no bridge to pass over, nor time to make one, nor powder to defend themselves against the enemy who came upon them, nor provisions to hinder the army from perishing with hunger, who had eat nothing for a whole day: But what gave the *Swedes* the greatest uneasiness, was the danger of their King. By good fortune, there was still left a sorry calash, which by chance they had brought along with them; this the

embarked in a little boat, and the King and General *Mazeppa* in another. The latter had saved several coffers full of money, but the current being very rapid, and a violent wind beginning to blow, the *Cossack* threw more than three parts of his treasures into the river, to lighten the boat. *Mullern* the King's Chancellor, and Count *Poniatosky*, who was now more than ever necessary to the King, for his remarkable presence of mind under difficulties, crossed over in other barks with some of the officers. Three hundred troopers of the King's guards, and a very great number of *Poles* and *Cossacks* relying upon the goodness of their horses, ventured to pass the river swimming. Their troop keeping close together resisted the current, and broke the waves; but all who attempted to cross separately a little below, were carried away by the stream, and sunk in the river. Of all the foot who tried to pass over, there were not one who got to the other side.

Whilst the routed part of the army were in this extremity, Prince *Menzikoff* came up with ten thousand horse, having each a foot soldier behind him. The carcasses of the *Swedes* that lay dead in the way, their wounds, fatigue, and hunger, sufficiently pointed out to Prince *Menzikoff* the road which the body of the army had taken. The Prince sent a campeter to the *Swedish* General, to offer him a capitulation. Four general officers were presently sent to *Levenhaupt* to receive the law of the conqueror. Before that day sixteen thousand soldiers of King *Charles* would have attacked all the forces of the *Russian* Empire, and have perished to the last man, rather than have surrender'd; but after a battle lost, and a flight of two days, not having their eyes any longer upon their Prince, who was constrained to rely himself, the strength of every soldier being spent, and their courage no longer supported by any hope, the love of life took place of intrepidity. The whole
army

army were made prisoners of war. Some of the soldiers in despair to fall into the hands of the *Muscovites*, threw themselves into the *Borysthenes*; and the rest were made slaves. They all filed off in presence of Prince *Menzikoff*, laying their arms at his feet, as thirty thousand *Muscovites* had done nine years before at the King of Sweden's at *Narva*. But whereas the King then sent back all the *Muscovite* prisoners whom he was not afraid of, the Czar retained all the *Swedes* that were taken at *Pultawa*.

These unhappy creatures were afterwards dispersed in the Czar's dominions, and particularly in *Siberia*, a vast province of the greater *Tartary*, which extended itself eastward to the frontiers of the *Chinese Empire*. In this barbarous country, where even the use of bread was not then known, the *Swedes* grown ingenious by necessity, exercised the trades and arts they had formerly been trained up to. And all the distinctions, which fortune makes among men, were there banished. The officer, who could follow no handicraft trade, was forced to cleave and carry wood for the soldier, that was now turned taylor, draper, joiner, mason or smith, and got a subsistence by his labour. Some of the officers became painters, and others architects; and some of them taught languages and mathematicks; they even went so far as to erect publick schools, which in time grew to be so useful and famous, that they sent children thither for education from *Moscow*.

Count *Piper*, the King of Sweden's first minister was a long time imprison'd at *Petersburg*. The Czar was of opinion with the rest of *Europe*, that the Minister had sold his master to the Duke of *Mariborough*, and had brought the arms of Sweden upon *Moscovy*, which might have given peace to *Europe*; and he made his captivity the more severe upon this supposition. *Piper* died some years after at *Moscow*, having received but little assistance from his family, which

which lived in great opulence at *Stockholm*, and incessantly lamented by his King, who would never descend to offer a ransom for his Minister, which he feared the Czar would not accept; for there was never any cartel of exchange between *Charles* and the Czar.

The Emperor of *Moscovy* elate with a joy he was under no concern to dissemble, received upon the field of battle the prisoners they brought him in troops, and asked every moment, Where then is my brother *Charles*?

He paid the *Swedish* Generals the compliment of inviting them to dine with him. Amongst other questions, he asked General *Renchild*, what number the troops of the King his master might amount to before the battle? *Renchild* answered, That the King only kept the List of them, which he never communicated to any body; but he thought the whole might be about five and thirty thousand men, whereof eighteen thousand were *Swedes*, and the rest *Cossacks*. The Czar seemed surprized, and asked how they durst venture to penetrate into so distant a country, and lay siege to *Pultawa*, with such a handful of men! We were not always consulted, answers the *Swedish* General, but as faithful servants we obey'd our master's orders, without ever contradicting them. The Czar, upon this answer, turned round towards certain couriers, who had formerly been suspected of engaging in a conspiracy against him, *Ah*, says he, see how a sovereign should be obeyed. And then, taking a Glass of Wine, *To the Healths*, says he, of my masters in the art of war. *Renchild* asked, Who those were whom he honoured with so high a Title? You, Gentlemen, the *Swedish* Generals, replies the Czar. Your Majesty then, says *Renchild*, is very ungrateful, to handle your masters so severely. When dinner was over, the Czar ordered their swords to be restored to all the General officers, and treated them as a Prince who had a mind

mind to give his subjects lessons of generosity and civility.

Thus the *Swedish* army, which left *Saxony* so triumphant, was now no more. One half of them perished by want, and the other half were made slaves, or massacred. *Charles XII.* had lost, in one day, the fruit of nine years pains, and almost a hundred battles. He fled in a wretched calash, having Major General *Eoord* by his side dangerously wounded. The rest of his troops followed, some on foot, others on horseback, and some in waggons, across a desert, where they found neither huts, tents, men, animals, or roads; every thing was wanting there, even to water itself. 'Twas then the beginning of *July*; the country situate in the 47th degree; the dry sand of the desert rendered the heat of the sun more insupportable; the horses fell by the way, and the men were ready to die with thirst. Count *Poniatosky*, who was a little better mounted than the rest, advanced before them into the plain, and having spied a willow, he judged there must be water nigh, and he sought about, till he found the spring. This happy discovery saved the lives of the King of *Sweden's* little troop. After five days march, he found himself upon the banks of the river *Hippanis*, now called the *Bogh* by the barbarians. This river joins the *Borysthenes* some miles lower, and falls along with it into the *Black Sea*.

Beyond the *Bogh*, toward the south, lies the little town of *Ozakou*, a frontier of the *Turkish* Empire. The inhabitants seeing a troop of soldiers coming towards them, whose dress and language they were strangers to, refused to carry them over to *Ozakou*, without an order from *Mahamet Bashaw*, the Governour of the town. The King sent an express to the Governour to ask a passage; but the *Turk* not knowing what to do in a country, where a false step very often costs a man his life, durst take nothing upon him-

himself, without having first the permission of the Bascha of the province, who resides at *Bender* in *Bessarabia*, thirty leagues from *Ozakou*. The permission came, with orders to pay the King all the honours due to a monarch allied to the Porte, and to furnish him with all necessary provisions. During these delays, the *Moscovites* having passed the *Borysthenes*, pursued the King with all possible speed, and if they had come an hour sooner, they must have taken him. He had scarce passed the *Bogh* in the *Turkish* Boats, before his enemies appeared, to the number of almost six thousand horse; and his Majesty had the misfortune of seeing five hundred of his little troop, who had not been able to get over time enough, seized by the *Moscovites* on the other side the river. The Bascha of *Ozakou* asked his pardon by an interpreter for the delays, which had occasioned the taking those five hundred men prisoners, and besought him not to complain of it to the Grand Signor. *Charles* promised him he would not. but gave him at the same time a severe reprimand, as if he had been speaking to one of his own subjects.

The Commander of *Bender*, who was also *Serafiquier*, a title which answers to that of General, and Bascha of the province, which signifies Governor and Intendant, sent presently an *Aga* to compliment the King, and offer him a magnificent tent, with provisions, baggage, waggons, and all the conveniencies, officers and attendants requisite to conduct him handsomely to *Bender*.

The End of the Fourth Book.

THE

THE
HISTORY
OF
CHARLES XII
KING of SWEDEN.
BOOK V.

ACHMET III. was at that time Emperor of the *Turks*. He had been placed upon the throne in 1703, in the room of his brother *Mustapha*, by a revolution like that in *England*, which transferred the crown from *James II.* to his son-in-law *William*.

To him the King of *Sweden* fled for refuge: and he had no sooner set his foot upon the Sultan's territories at *Ozakou*, than he wrote him the following letter.

To the most High, most Glorious, invincible and August Emperor of many Empires, King of many Kingdoms, Head and Protector of many Nations, may the almighty bless and prolong your Reign.

THIS Letter sign'd with our Royal Hand, is to acquaint your Imperial Highness, that having punished with no less success than justice the treacherous breakers

the faith of treaties, and the law of nations; having driven King Augustus out of Poland, of which he was rather the Tyrant than the King, and given the Poles a King of their own nation, who is a friend to your sublime Majesty; and having pursued the Czar flying as far as Pulawa, Heaven has permitted our army, tired out with long marches, and in want of every thing, to be overwhelmed by the enemy that were thrice our number, and has suffered this day to be a day of grief and misfortune to us.

Not being in a place to raise new forces, and disdaining to fall into barbarous and perfidious hands, we are come to seek refuge and assistance in the territories of your Imperial Highness, that we may be enabled to return to Poland, in order to rejoin our armies, and support the King we have made there.

What we desire is to have you our friends, and be our friends yours. As a proof of our sincere affection, we represent to you, that if you give the Czar, whose ambition is either directed by justice, nor honour, nor true courage, leave to take the advantage of our disaster, he will fall upon your territories, when you little expect him, as he has invaded our countries; but why do I say when you little expect him? Has he not already built forts upon the Tanaïs and the Palus Mæotis? Does he not already threaten you with his fleets?

To prevent this, there can be no way so proper as by a new alliance between your sublime Porte and Us, providing we can but return to Poland, and to our own states with your valiant troops, and carry our arms again into the empire of this perfidious Czar, to put a stop to his unbridled ambition.

We shall never forget the favours we shall receive from you, and shall value ourselves upon being inviolably,

Your faithful friend,

Ozakou;
July 1709

Charles XII.
Son of Charles XI.

The King suffered this letter to be sent away, it too much injured the character of his enemies as well as disguised his own. Perhaps after having treated the Czar and King *Augustus* with great respect in his victories, his defeat had sowed him or else he took it for *Turkish* breeding, to rail at those against whom we ask assistance.

Achmet, who had been beforehand with him, sending a solemn embassy in the time of his victories, made him sensible now of the difference made between an Emperor of the *Turks*, and a King of part of *Scandinavia*, a Christian vanquished a fugitive. He did not answer him till six months later, and then refused to speak out upon the alliance proposed against the Czar.

This proposal, says the *Sultan* to him in his letter requires a deliberate examination. I shall leave it to the wisdom of my great *Divan*. I value your friendship, and grant you mine together with my protection. I have given orders to the *Bashas* of *Natolia* and *Romelia*, to provide a guard to conduct you safely where you think proper. *Jussuf* the *Basha* *Serasquier* of *Bender*, will advance five hundred dollars a day, with all necessary provisions for your self and your attendants, and horses, that you may live as becomes a King.

Given at *Constantinople* the first day of the month *Sheval*, the 1121 year of the *Hegira*.

From the first moment of King *Charles's* repairing to the *Turkish* territories, he had laid the design of turning the *Ottoman* arms upon his enemies: he already fancied he saw himself at the head of the *Turkish* forces, reducing *Poland* again under the yoke, and conquering *Muscovy*. *M. de Neugbaver* set out from *Orskou* for *Constantinople*, with the character of the King's Envoy extraordinary. Count *Poniatosky*, a person equally capable and resolute, of an engaging and agreeable temper, born with the talent of persuading and pleasing all nations, attended the *Swedish* embassy.

in a private capacity, in order to sound the dis-
 positions of the *Constantinopolitan* Ministry, without
 being tied up to the usual forms, and giving too much
 ground for suspicion: he knew how to gain in a
 short time the favour of the Grand Visir, who load-
 ed him with presents; and had the art to convey a
 letter of the King of Sweden's to the Sultana Valide,
 rather to the Emperor than upon the throne, who
 formerly had been ill used by her son, but now be-
 gan to recover her interest in the *Seraglio*. He enter-
 ed into a close friendship with one Bru a Frenchman,
 who had been Chancellor to the French embassy. This
 man was perpetually talking of the King of Sweden's
 exploits to the chief of the Sultana's eunuchs, who
 flattered his mistress with repeating them. The Sul-
 tana, by a secret inclination with which most women
 find themselves surprized in favour of extraordinary
 men, even without having ever seen them, took the
 King's part openly in the *Seraglio*, she called him by
 no other name than that of her Lion: *And when will*
you, said she sometimes to the Su'tan her son, help
your Lion to devour this Czar? She even dispensed with
 the strict rules of the *Seraglio*, so far as to write se-
 veral letters with her own hand to Count Poniatosky,
 whose custody they still are at the time of my
 writing this history. One of the shrewdest of those
 that entered into Poniatosky's designs, was Fonesca a
 Portuguese physician, fixed at Constantinople, a learned
 and ingenious person, who joined the knowledge of
 men to that of his own art, and whose profession
 procured him access to the Ottoman Porté, and often
 intimacy with the Visirs.

At length the King of Sweden's party was become
 powerful at Constantinople, by Poniatosky's manage-
 ment, that the faction of the Muscovite Envoy thought
 their only refuge was to poison him. Accordingly
 they prevailed upon one of his domesticks to give
 him poison in a dish of coffee; but the crime was

discovered before it was put in execution. The poison was found in the servant's hands, in a little phial which they carried to the Grand Signor. The prisoner was tried in full Divan, and condemned to the Gallies; for the *Turkish Law* never punishes such crimes capitally, as were intended only, but not executed.

The Grand Visir appeared as eager as the Sultan *Valide*, to serve the King of Sweden: He told *Poniatoski*, giving him at the same time a purse of 100 ducats, *I will take your King in one hand, and a sword in the other, and carry him to Moscow, at the head of 200000 men.*

However, the King was conducted to *Bender* in a pompous manner, thro' the desert that was formerly called the wilderness of the *Geta*. The *Turks* took care that nothing should be wanting upon the road to make his journey agreeable.

The King chose to encamp near *Bender*, rather than lodge in the town. The *Serasquier Fuzuff Bey* caused a magnificent tent to be pitched for him, and tents also were provided for all the Lords of his retinue. Some time after, the King built a House in this place, and his officers did the same after his example: The soldiers also raised barracks; so that the camp, by degrees, became a little town. The King, being not yet cured of his wound, was obliged to have a carious bone taken out of his foot; but as soon as he was able to mount a horse, he renewed his usual fatigues, rising always before the sun, tiring three horses a day, and exercising his soldiers; but sometimes he play'd at chess with General *Poniatosky*, or *Mr. de Grothusen*, his Treasurer. Those who had in mind to gain his favour, attended him at his horse courses, and were all day long in their boots. One morning going into the House of his Chancellor *Mullern*, who was asleep, he forbid them to awake him, and waited in the antichamber, where there was a large

large fire in the chimney, and near it several pair shoes that *Mullern* had sent for from *Germany*, for own use. The King threw them all into the fire, and then went away. When the Chancellor, upon asking, perceived the smell of the burnt leather, and enquired into the reason of it: *What a strange thing is this*, says he, *that his Chancellor must be always booted!*

At *Bender* he found plenty of every thing about him; a happiness very rarely attained to by a fugitive prince: for besides provision more than sufficient, and the five hundred crowns a day which he received from the *Ottoman* munificence, he drew money also from *France*, and borrowed of the merchants at *Constantinople*. Part of this money was employed in carrying on intrigues in the *Seraglio*, in purchasing the favour of the *Visirs*, or procuring their ruin. The rest he distributed profusely amongst his officers, and the Janisaries of *Bender*. *Grothusen*, his Favourite and Treasurer, was the dispenser of his liberalities; a man who, contrary to the custom of persons in that station, was as much pleased with giving as his master. He brought him one day an account of sixty thousand crowns in two lines, 10000 given to the *Swedes* and Janisaries by the generous orders of his Majesty, and the rest spent by my self. See, says the King, *I like my friends should give in their accompts*. *Mullern* makes me read whole pages for the sum of 10000 livres, *I like Grothusen's Laconick stile much better*. One of his old officers, thought to be a little covetous, complained to the King, that he gave all to *Grothusen*. *Give money*, replies the King, *to none but those who know how to make use of it*.

Thus was *Charles XII.* employed at *Bender*, where he waited till an army of *Turks* should come to his assistance. To dispose the *Ottoman* Porte to this War, he detached about 800 *Poles* and *Cossacks* of his retinue, with orders to pass the *Neister*, that runs by *Bender*,

and to go and observe what passed upon the frontiers of Poland.

The *Moscovite* troops dispersed in those quarters fell immediately upon this little company, and pursued them even to the territories of the Grand Signor.

This was what the King of *Sweden* expected. His ministers and emissaries at the Porte made a great clamour against this irruption, and excited the Emperor to vengeance: but the Czar's money removed all difficulties. *Tolstoy*, his Envoy at *Constantinople*, gave the Grand Visir and his creatures part of the six millions that had been found at *Pultawa* in the King of *Sweden*'s military chest. After such a defence, the Divan found the Czar *Not Guilty*. And so far were they from talking of making war against him, that they granted such honours and privileges to his Envoy, as the *Moscovite* Ministers had never before enjoyed at *Constantinople*. He was suffered to have a *Seraglio*, that is, a palace, in the quarters of the French, and to converse with the foreign ministers. Nor did the Czar thought he had power enough to demand that General *Mazeppa* should be delivered up to him, as *Charles XII.* had caused the unfortunate *Paskul* to be surrendered into his hands. *Chourlouly-Ali* Beg could no longer refuse any thing to a Prince, who backed his demand with millions. Thus, the Grand Visir, who before had made a solemn promise to carry the King of *Sweden* into *Moscovy* with two hundred thousand men, had the assurance to make a proposal to him of consenting to the sacrifice of General *Mazeppa*. King *Charles* was enraged at the question. However, it is not certain how far the Visir would have carried the matter, had not *Mazeppa*, who was then seventy years of age, died just at this juncture. The King's grief and resentment were very much augmented, when he understood that *Tolstoy*, now become the Czar's Ambassador at the Porte, was served in publick by the *Swedes* that he

been made slaves at *Pultawa*, and that these brave soldiers were daily sold in the market at *Constantinople*. Besides, the *Muscovite* Ambassador declared openly, that the Mussulman troops at *Bender* were placed rather as a guard upon the King, than to do him honour.

King *Charles*, abandoned by the Grand Visir, and conquered by the Czar's money in *Turkey*, as he had been by his arms in *Ukrania*, found himself deluded, scorned by the Porte, and, in a manner, a prisoner among the *Tartars*. His attendants began to despair, himself alone remained firm, and did not shew the least dejection of spirit, no not for a moment. He imagined the Sultan was ignorant of the intrigues of his Grand Visir, *Chourlouly Ali*, and resolved to make him acquainted with them, and *Poniatosky* undertook this bold commission. The Grand Signor went every Friday to the mosque, encompassed with his *Solaks*, a kind of guard whose turbans were set with feathers so high, that they hid the Sultan from the eyes of the people. When any one had a petition to present to the Grand Signor, the way was to mix himself among these guards, and hold the petition up in the air. Sometimes the Sultan vouchsafed to take it himself, but more frequently he ordered an Aga to take care of it, and afterwards, upon his return from the Mosque, caused the petitions to be laid before him. There is no fear of any one's daring to importune him with trifling and unnecessary petitions; for, at *Constantinople*, they write less in a Year, than they do at *Paris* in a day: much less does any one venture to present petitions against the Ministers, to whom, for the most part, the Sultan remits them, without reading them. However, *Poniatosky* had no other way to convey the King of *Sweden*'s complaints to the Grand Signor. He drew up a representation against the Grand Visir sufficient to ruin him. *M. de Feriolle*, who was at that time the *French* Ambassador, got it translated into *Turkish*. A Greek was hired to pre-

present it, who mingling himself among the Grand Signor's guards, held up the paper, so high, and for so long a time, and made such a noise, that the Sultan perceived it, and took the memoir himself.

Some days after, the Sultan, in answer to the King of Sweden's complaints, sent him twenty five Arabian horses, one of which that had carried his Highness was covered with a saddle and housings enriched with precious stones, and the stirrups were of massy gold. With this present he sent an obliging letter, but conceived in general terms, and such as gave reason to suspect that the Minister had done nothing without the Sultan's consent. *Chourlouly* also, who knew how to dissemble, sent five very curious horses to the King. But his Majesty, with a haughty air, told the person that brought them, *Go back to your Master, and tell him, that I don't receive presents from my enemies.*

M Poniatosky having already had the courage to get a petition presented against the Grand Visir, then formed the dangerous design of deposing him. He knew the Visir was no favourite of the Sultan's mother, and was the aversion both of *Kislar Aga* the chief of the black eunuchs, and of the *Aga* of the Janisaries: he encouraged all three to speak against him. It was very strange to see a Christian, a Polish agent, without character, of a Swedish King, that had fled for refuge to the *Turks*, caballing publicly in a manner at the Porte against a Vice-Roy of the Ottoman Empire, and such a one too as was both a useful Minister, and a Favourite of his Master. *Poniatosky* had never succeeded, and the bare attempt had cost him his life, had not a stronger power than all those in his interests given the last blow to the Grand Visir *Chourlouly's* fortune.

The Sultan had a young favourite, who has since governed the Ottoman Empire, and was killed in Hungary in 1716, at the battle of *Peterwardin*, gained over the *Turks* by Prince *Eugene of Savoy*. His name

as *Coumourgi Ali-Basha*. His birth was much the same with that of *Chourlouly*, he was the son of a coal-beaver, as *Coumourgi* signifies: for *Coumour* is the same as coal in *Turkish*. The Emperor *Mahomet*, father of *Achmet* III. meeting *Coumourgi* when he was a child, in a forest near *Adrianople*, was so struck with his great beauty, that he sent him to the *Seaglio*. *Mustapha*, *Mahomet*'s eldest son and successor, was much taken with him, and *Achmet* III. made him his favourite. He had then no other place but that of *Selihtar Aga*, sword-bearer to the Crown. His years wou'd not admit of his pretending to the office of *Grand Visir*, but yet he had the ambition to get it. The *Swedish* faction could never gain the inclinations of this favourite. He was at no time a friend to *King Charles*, or any other Christian Prince, nor any of their Ministers: but on this occasion he served *King Charles* without designing it. He joined with the *Sultana Valide*, and the great officers of the *Porte*, to contrive *Chourlouly*'s ruin, whom they hated. This old Minister, who had long and well served his master, fell a sacrifice to the caprice of a boy, and the intrigues of a stranger. He was deprived of his dignity and his wealth, his wife taken from him, who was daughter to the last Sultan *Mustapha*, and himself banish'd to *Cassa*, formerly called *Theodosia*, in *Crim Tartary*. The bull, that is to say, the seal of the empire, was given to *Numan* *Couprongly*, grandson to the great *Couprongly* who took *Andania*. This new *Visir* was, what Christians misinform'd would hardly believe of a *Turk*, a man of inflexible virtue, and a scrupulous observer of the law; which he often opposed to the Sultan's will. He would not hear of a war against *Muscovy*, which he looked upon as unjust and unnecessary. But the same attachment to his law, which hindered him from waging war against the *Czar*, contrary to the faith of treaties, made him regard the duty of hospi-

hospitality in the case of the King of Sweden. The law, said he to his Master, forbids you to invade the Czar who has done you no injury; but commands you to succour the King of Sweden, who is an unfortunate Prince, in your dominions. He sent his Majesty 800 Purfes, every one of which amounted to 500 crowns and advised him to return peaceably into his own country, through the Emperor of Germany's territories, or else in some French vessels that were then lying at the Porte of Constantinople, and which M. Feriolle, the French Ambassador at the Porte, offered King Charles to transport him to Marfeilles.

At this juncture the Czar having quartered his forces in Lithuania, and given orders for carrying on the siege of Riga, returned to Moscow, to shew his people a sight as new as any thing he had yet done in his kingdom. It was a triumph very little inferior to that of the old Romans. He made his entry into Moscow on the first of January 1710, under seven triumphal arches erected in the streets, and adorned with all that the climate could furnish, and his flourishing trade, as his industry had made it, could import. The procession began with a regiment of guards, follow'd by the pieces of artillery taken from the Swedes at Lesnow and Pultawa; each of which was drawn by eight horses covered with scarlet horse-cloths, the reins reaching down to the ground. Then came the standards, kettle-drums, colours won at these two battles, carried by the officers and soldiers that had taken them: All these spoils were followed by the finest troops of the Czar. After they had filed off, appeared in a chariot made for that purpose, the litter of Charles XII. found in the field of battle at Pultawa all broken to pieces by two cannon-shot. Behind this litter marched all the prisoners two by two, among which was Count Piper first Minister of Sweden, the famous Mareschal Renschild, Count Levenhaupt, the Generals Slipenbak, Stakelburg and Hamilton.

all the officers and soldiers, who were afterwards dispersed in Great *Russia*. They were immediately followed by the Czar, on the same horse he rid upon at the battle of *Pultawa*. A little behind him appeared the Generals that had their share in the success of this battle. After them came another regiment of guards; and the waggons loaded with *Swedish* ammunition brought up the rear.

This solemn procession was attended with the ringing all the bells in *Moscow*, with the sound of drums, kettle-drums, trumpets, and an infinite number of musical instruments answering each other, with volleys discharged from 200 pieces of cannon, and the acclamations of 500000 men, who at every stop the Czar made in his triumphal entry, cried out, *God preserve the Emperor our Father*.

The Grand Visir *Couprongly*, who opposed his designs, was turned out after he had been two months in the Ministry. *Charles XII's* little court, and those who still adhered to him in *Poland*, gave out, that he had made and deposed the Visirs, and governed the *Turkish* Empire from his retreat at *Bender*. But he had no hand in that Favourite's ruin. The rigid probity of the Visir was the only cause of his fall. His predecessor was used to pay the Janisaries, not out of the imperial treasury, but out of such money as he got by extortion. *Cupringly*, on the other hand, paid them out of the treasury. Upon this, *Achmet* reproached him with preferring the interest of the subject to that of the Emperor. Your predecessor *Chourlouly*, said he, could find other ways and means to pay my troops. The Grand Visir answered, If he had the art to enrich your Highness by rapine, it is such a one as I am proud to be ignorant of.

After this the Grand Signor sent to *Aleppo* for *Balagi Mahomet*, Basha of *Syria*, who had been Grand Visir before *Chourlouly*.

Baltagi Mahomet had no sooner received the bull of the Empire, than he found the King of *Sweden's* interest prevailing in the Seraglio. The Sultana *Valide*, *Ali Cournourgi* the Grand Signor's Favourite, *Kislar Aga* chief of the black eunuchs, and the *Aghas* of the Janisaries, were for war against the Czar. The Sultan was determined upon it, and the very first order he gave the Grand Visir, was to go and fall upon the *Muscovites* with 200000 men. *Baltagi Mahomet* had never been in the field, but then he was no means an idiot, as the *Swedes*, out of pure hatred have represented him. He told the Grand Signor upon receiving from his hand a sabre set with precious stones, Your Highness knows that I've been brought up to use an axe, and fell wood, and not wield a sword and command armies: I will endeavour to serve you in the best manner I am able; but if I fail of success, remember that I have intreated you not to lay it to my charge. The Sultan assured him of his good will, and the Visir prepared to obey him.

The first step of the *Ottoman Porte* upon this occasion, was to imprison the *Muscovite* Ambassador in the castle of seven towers. The Han of *Crim Tartary* whom we call the Kam, had orders to be in readiness with 40000 *Tartars*. The Kam is by his own subjects called Emperor; but notwithstanding this grand title, he is a meer slave of the Porte. The *Ottoman* blood of which the Kams are descended, and the right they have to the *Turkish* empire upon the extinction of the Grand Signor's race, makes their family be respected, and their persons formidable, even to the Sultan himself. It is upon this account that the Grand Signor dares not destroy the race of the *Kams of Tartary*: But he hardly ever suffers any of them to continue upon the throne to an advanced age. Their steps are always watched by the neighbouring *Beys* and *Shas*; their territories encompassed with Janisaries

their inclinations crossed by the Grand Visir; and their designs ever suspected. If the *Tartars* complain of the Kam, the Porte deposes him; if he is beloved by them, it is a crime, for which he is sooner punished than the other. Thus all of them, in a manner, pass from the crown into banishment, and finish their days at *Rhodes*, which most commonly is both their prison and their grave.

The Kam gained by the presents and intrigues of the King of *Sweden*, got leave that the general rendezvous of the troops might be at *Bender*, under the eyes of *Charles XII.* to let him see the better, that it was for his sake the war was undertaken.

The new Visir, *Baltagi Mahomet*, not being under the same engagements, would not flatter a foreign prince so far. He recalled the order, and this great army was drawn together at *Belgrade*.

The Czar, in all appearance, must have vanquished *Baltagi Mahomet*, but he committed the same fault in regard to the *Turks*, that the King of *Sweden* was guilty of in his case; that is, he too much despised his enemy. Upon the news of the *Turkish* preparations, he left *Moscow*; and having given orders to turn the siege of *Riga* into a Blockade, he drew up his army to the number of 24000 men, upon the frontiers of *Poland*. With this army he marched to *Moldavia* and *Walackia*, formerly the country of the *Daci*, but now inhabited by *Greek Christians*, tributaries to the Grand Signor.

A *Greek*, named *Cantomir*, made Prince of *Moldavia* by the *Turks*, joined the Czar, whom he already looked upon as conqueror, and made no scruple to betray the Sultan, of whom he held his principality, for the sake of a Christian Prince, from whom he expected much greater advantages. The Czar entered into a secret alliance with him, received him into his army, and marching up the country, arrived in *June 1711*, at the northern side of the ri-

ver Hierasus, now *Pruth*, near *Jazy*, the capital of *Moldavia*.

As soon as the Grand Visir received the news that *Peter Alexiowitz* was come thither, he immediately left the camp at *Belgrade*, and followed the course of the *Danube*, proposed to pass that river by a bridge of boats near *Saccia*, in the very same place where *Darius* formerly built a bridge that bore his name. The *Turkish* army marched with so much expedition, that they soon came in sight of the *Moscovites*, the river *Pruth* being between them.

The Czar, sure of the Prince of *Moldavia*, little thought the subjects would fail him. But the *Moldavians* are often in a different interest from that of their master. They liked the *Turkish* government which is never fatal to any but the *Grandeess*, and affects a lenity to people that are its tributaries. They feared the *Christians*, especially the *Muscovites*, who had upon all occasions used them barbarously. They brought all their provisions to the *Ottoman* army. The undertakers who had engaged to furnish the *Moscovites* with provisions, performed their promise to the Grand Visir, tho' it was made to the Czar. The *Walachians*, whose country adjoins to that of *Moldavia*, shewed the same regard to the *Turks*; to such a degree had the remembrance of former cruelties alienated their minds from the *Muscovites*.

The Czar thus frustrated of his hopes, which perhaps he had upon too light grounds taken, found his army on a sudden destitute of provisions and without forage. In the mean time the *Tartars* passed the river that separated them from the enemy. All the *Tartars*, according to custom, swam over holding by the tail of their horses. The *Saphi* which are the *Turkish* horse, did the same, because the bridges were not ready time enough.

At length, the whole army being got over, the Visir pitched a camp, and fortified it with trenches.

is strange the Czar should not dispute the passage of the river, or at least repair his fault, by engaging the *Turks* immediately, instead of giving them time to tire out his army with fatigue and famine. But at Prince seems in this campaign, to have taken all the steps that could lead to his ruin. He found himself without provisions, with the river *Pruth* behind him, and near 150000 *Turks* before him, and about 10000 *Tartars* continually harassing him on the right and the left. Reduced to this extremity, he said publickly, *I am at least in as bad a case as my father Charles was at Pulcawa.*

The indefatigable Count *Poniatosky*, agent to the King of *Sweden*, was in the Grand Visir's army with some *Poles* and *Sweaes*, who all thought the Czar's ruin inevitable.

As soon as *Poniatosky* saw that the armies must inevitably engage, he sent an express to the King of *Sweden*, who set out that moment from *Bender*, followed by forty officers, and enjoying by anticipation the pleasure of fighting the Emperor of *Moscovy*. After many a loss, and several destructive marches, the Czar was driven back upon the *Pruth*, and had nothing left but some *chevaux de frise*, and some waggonns. A party of the Janisaries and *Saphi's* fell immediately upon his army in that defenceless condition, but they did it in a tumultuous and disorderly manner; and were receiv'd by the *Moscovites* with a resolution, which nothing but despair and the presence of their Prince could inspire.

The *Turks* were twice repulsed. But the day following, M. *Poniatosky* advised the Grand Visir to give out the *Muscovite* army, who being destitute of all provision, would, in a short time, be obliged together with their Emperor, to surrender at discretion.

The Czar has since that time more than once acknowledged, that in all his life he never felt so much

uneasiness as he did that night. He revolved in his mind all that he had been doing for so many years for the glory and good of his nation; that so many great designs perpetually interrupted by successive wars, were now in all probability going to perish with him, before they were brought to perfection; that he must either die with hunger, or engage near 200000 men with feeble troops, less by half the number than when they first set out; a cavalry almost dismounted, and the foot worn out with famine and fatigue.

About the beginning of the night he called General *Czeremetof* to him, and gave him a peremptory order to get every thing ready by break of day, to charge the *Turks* with bayonets at the muzzle of the muskets.

He gave express orders also to burn all the baggage, and that no officer should keep above one wagon; that in case of a defeat, the enemy however might not get the booty they expected.

Having settled every thing with the General in order to the battle, he retired into his tent full of grief, and seized with convulsions, a distemper he was often troubled with, and which came upon him with double the violence when he was under any great uneasiness. He forbid all persons to enter his tent in the night, upon any pretence whatsoever, not caring to have any remonstrances made to him against a desperate but necessary resolution, and much less that any one should be a witness of the melancholy condition he was in.

In the mean time the greatest part of his baggage was burnt according to his order, and all the army followed the example, tho' with much regret; but some buried such things as they set a more than ordinary value upon. The General Officers had already given orders for the march, and endeavoured to inspire the army with a courage which themselves

wanted

anted: but the soldiers, quite exhausted with fatigue and hunger, marched as men that had lost both their spirit and their hopes; and yet, to enervate their courage still more, had their ears filled with the shrieks and cries of women, of whom there was so great a number in the army. Every one expected death or slavery to be their portion the next morning. What I relate is no exaggeration: for this is generally the account that was given by some officers who served in the army.

In this situation it was thought necessary to sue for peace to the *Turks*, and that the Czar must be persuaded into the proposal.

The Grand Visir's first demand was, That the Czar, with all his army, should surrender at discretion. The Vice-Chancellor made answer, That his Master designed to give him battle within a quarter of an hour, and that the *Moscovites* would all be cut to pieces, rather than submit to such dishonourable conditions. *Osman* seconded *Shaffirof* with fresh reinforcements.

Mahomet Baltagi was no soldier. He knew the Janisaries had been repulsed the day before, and was easily persuaded by *Osman* not to part with certain advantages for the hazard of a battle. He immediately granted a suspension of arms for six hours, and at that time the terms of the treaty were agreed upon and settled.

During the parley there happened an accident, which shews the word of a *Turk* is often more to be depended on than we imagine. Two *Italian* gentlemen, related to M. *Brillo*, Lieutenant-Colonel of a regiment of grenadiers in the Czar's service, going to look for forage, were taken by the *Tartars*, who carried them to their camp, and offered to deliver them to an officer of the Janisaries. The *Turk* enraged at such a breach of the truce, seized the *Tar-*

tars, and carried them himself before the Grand Visir, together with the two prisoners.

The Visir sent the gentlemen back that moment to the Czar, and ordered the principal *Tartars* concerned in carrying them off to be beheaded.

In the mean time, the Kam of *Tartary* opposed the conclusion of a treaty, which took from him all hopes of pillage. *Poniatosky* seconded him with very urgent and pressing reasons. But *Osman* carried his point, notwithstanding the impatience of the *Tartars* and the insinuations of *Poniatosky*.

The Visir thought it enough for his master the Grand Signor, to conclude an advantageous peace. He insisted, that the *Moscovites* should give up *Ashopol*, burn the galleys that lay in that port, and demolish the main citadels upon the *Palus Maotis*; that the Grand Signor should have all the cannon and ammunition of those fortresses; that the Czar should draw off his troops from *Poland*, and give no farther disturbance to the few *Cossacks* that were under the protection of the *Poles*, nor to those that were subject to *Turkey*; and that for the future he should pay the *Tartars* a subsidy of 40000 sequins per annum; an odious tribute long since imposed, but from which the Czar had delivered his country.

At length the treaty was going to be signed, without so much as mentioning the King of *Sweden*; and all that *Poniatosky* could obtain from the Visir, was to insert an article, by which the *Muscovite* should promise not to hinder the return of *Charles XII.* which is pretty remarkable, it was stipulated in the article, that a peace should be concluded between the Czar and the King of *Sweden*, if they were so disposed, and could agree upon the terms of it.

On these conditions, the Czar had liberty to retreat with his army, cannon, artillery, colours and baggage. The *Turks* furnished him with provisions, and there was plenty of every thing in his camp with

Two hours after the signing of the treaty, which was begun, concluded, and signed the 21st of July 1711. Just as the Czar, rescued from the difficulties he was under, was drawing off with drums beating, and ensigns display'd came the King of Sweden, impatient of fighting, and eager to see his enemy in his hands. He had rid post above fifty leagues, from Bender to Fazy, and lighting at Count Poniatosky's tent, the Count came up to him with a sorrowful countenance, and acquainted him by what means he had lost an opportunity which perhaps he would never recover. The King enraged went directly to the Grand Visir, and with all his blood in his face upbraided him with the treaty he had concluded. *I have authority,* says the Grand Visir, with a calm air, *to wage war, and to make peace. But,* replies the King, *have not you the whole Moscovite army in your power? Our law,* says the Visir with great gravity, *commands us to grant our enemies peace, when they implore our mercy. Ah!* replies the King in a passion, *does it order you to clap up a bad treaty, when you have it in your power to make what terms you please? Was it not incumbent upon you to carry the Czar prisoner to Constantinople?* The Turk thus driven to a nonplus, answered sily, *And who should govern his empire in his absence? It is not fit that all Kings should be out of their Kingdoms.* Charles replied with a smile full of indignation, and then threw himself down upon a cushion. And looking upon the Visir with an air of resentment and contempt, he stretched out his leg towards him, and engaging his spur in his robe, which he did by design, tore it; then rose up immediately, mounted his horse, and returned to Bender full of despair.

Poniatosky continued some time longer with the Grand Visir, to try if he could prevail upon him by softer methods, to make some better terms with the Czar; but it being Prayer-time, the Turk, without giving one word of answer, went to wash and attend his devotions.

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THE
HISTORY
OF
CHARLES XII.
KING of SWEDEN.
BOOK VI.

FORTUNE, which before had been so favourable to the King of Sweden, bore hard upon him now even in the most trifling things. At his return he found his little camp at *Bender*, and all his apartment under water, caused by an inundation of the *Neisler*. He retired to some miles distance, near a village called *Varnitsa*; and as if he had some secret presages of his future fortune, built a large house of stone there, capable upon occasion of sustaining a siege of some hours. He furnished it also in a very magnificent manner, contrary to his custom, but in order to keep the *Turks* more in awe.

Besides this, he built two more, one for his Chancery, and the other for his favourite *Grothusen*; who kept a table at his expence. While the King was thus employed in building at *Bender*, as if he had designed to continue always in *Turkey*, *Baltagi Mahomet*, being more apprehensive than ever, of the intrigues and complaints of this Prince at the *Porte*, had sent the Emperor of Germany's Resident to *Vienna*, to procure

ure a passage for the King of *Sweden* through the hereditary territories of the house of *Austria*. This Envoy came back in three weeks time, with a promise from the Imperial Regency, that they would pay *Charles XII.* all due honours, and conduct him safely into *Pomerania*.

The King, who knew what they came about, sent them word, that if they ventured to make any proposal contrary to his honour, or to fail in their respects towards him, he would hang them all three up the same hour. The Bashaw of *Theffalonica*, who delivered the message, disguised the roughness of his commission under the most respectful terms. *Charles* dismissed the audience without vouchsafing one word of answer; but his Chancellor *Mullern*, who staid with the three Bashas, signified his Master's refusal to them in a few words, which was nothing but what they had already perceived by his silence.

The Grand Visir however was not discouraged: he ordered *Ismael Basha*, the new Sersquier of *Bender*, to threaten the King with the Sultan's resentment, if he did not immediately come to a resolution. The Sersquier was a person of a sweet and winning temper, which had gained him King *Charles'* good will, and the friendship of all the *Swedes*. The King entered into a conference with him, but it was only to let him know, that he would not depart till *Achmet* had granted him two things, one of which was to punish the Grand Visir, and the other to furnish him with 100000 men, in order to return into *Poland* at the head of them.

Baltagi Mahomet, was very sensible, that *Charles's* stay in *Turkey* was only to ruin him. For this reason he placed a guard upon all the roads from *Bender* to *Constantinople*, with orders to intercept the King's letters. Besides this he cut off his *Thaim*, i.e. the provision which the Porte allows the Princes to whom he grants an Asylum in her dominions. That of the King

King of Sweden's was prodigious, amounting to 500 crowns a day in money, besides a vast excess of every thing that could contribute to maintain a court in plenty and splendor.

As soon as the King heard that the Visir had ventured to cut off his allowance, he turned to the steward of his household, and said, *You have had but two tables hitherto, I command you to prepare four more.*

Charles the XIIth's officers had been used to find nothing impossible which their Master ordered; but having neither money, nor provision, they were forced to borrow at twenty, thirty, and forty per cent of the Officers, Domesticks, and Janisaries, who were grown rich by the King's liberality. M. Fabricius the Envoy of Holstein, gave all that he had; but these supplies would not have sufficed for the space of a month, if one Motraye a Frenchman, who had been upon a long voyage in the Levant, and was come to Bender, out of curiosity, to see the King, had not offered to go through all the Turkish guards, to borrow money in the King's name at Constantinople.

What letters he had to carry, he put into the cover of a book, having first torn out the paste-board, and passed through the midst of the Turks by the name of an English Merchant, with his book in his hand, saying it was his Prayer-book. The Turks are not very suspicious, because not much acquainted with the world. The supposed merchants arrived at Constantinople with the King's letters; but the foreign merchants did not care to venture their money. One Cooke, an Englishman, was the only person that could be prevailed upon; and he readily offered the loan of about an hundred thousand Livres, content to lose them, if any misfortune happened to the King of Sweden, and sure to make his fortune if that Prince lived.

The *French* gentleman had the good fortune to carry the money safe to the camp at *Varnitsa*, and it came just as they were beginning to despair of it.

In the mean time, *M. de Poniatosky* wrote, and that from the camp of the Grand Visir, an account of the Campaign of *Pruth*, wherein he accused *Baltagi Mahomet* of cowardise and treachery. This account he entrusted to an old Janisary enraged at the Visir's weakness, and moreover gained by *Poniatosky's* presents, who having got leave; went and presented the letter with his own hands to the Sultan.

Poniatosky set out from the Camp some days after, and went to the Ottoman Porte, to cabal against the Grand Visir, as usual.

All circumstances seem'd to favour the design. The Czar, now at liberty, was in no haste to perform his promises. It is customary for princes to send golden keys to the Sultan, when they deliver any towns to the *Turks*. The keys of *Asoph* were not come, and the Grand Visir, who was responsible for them, being apprehensive of his master's resentment, durst not appear in his presence.

The old Visir *Chourlouly*, then in banishment at *Mykene*, thought this a proper opportunity to deprive *Mahomet* of the throne, and to set up *Ibrahim* his nephew, and eldest son to *Mustapha*, a young prince, who was at that time a prisoner of state together with his brother *Mahomud*.

To bring about this design, it was necessary that *Mahomet Baltagi* should be prevailed upon to make use of the Sultan, by marching directly up to *Constantinople* with the Janisaries.

Mahomet had no inclination to any rash and hazardous enterprizes; so the old Visir applied himself to *Osman Aga* his lieutenant, who entirely governed him. At the letters being intercepted, *Chourlouly* and *Osman* were beheaded, which is reckoned an infamous punishment in *Turkey*, and their heads laid in the hall of

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the Divan. Among *Osman's* treasures, were found ring which had been presented him by the *Czar* and 200000 pieces of gold, in *Saxon*, *Polish*, and *Moscorite* coin.

As to *Baltagi Mahomet*, he was banished for having been made choice of without his knowledge, to be the instrument of *Chourlouly* and *Osman's* plot.

The King of *Sweden* was perpetually solliciting the *Porte* to send him back thro' *Poland* with a numerous army. The Divan indeed were determined to send him back, but it was only with a guard of seven or eight thousand men, not as a King they were minded to succour, but as a guest they were desirous to be rid of. With this view Sultan *Achmet* wrote him the following letter.

Most powerful among the Kings that worship the
Redresser of wrongs and injuries, and protector of
Right in the Ports and Republicks of South
North; shining in Majesty, lover of Honour
Glory, and of our sublime *Porte*, *Charles* King
Sweden, whose enterprizes God crown with success

AS soon as the most illustrious *Achmet*, formerly
our *Pashi*, shall have the honour to deliver you
a letter adorned with our Imperial seal, be persuaded
and convinced of the truth of our intentions contained therein
viz. That though we had designed to send our ever victorious
army against the *Czar* a second time; yet the
Prince, to avoid our just resentment at his delaying the
execution of the treaty concluded on the banks of *Pruth*, and
renewed again at our sublime *Porte*, having surrender'd
into our hands the castle and city of *Asoph*, and having en-
gaged by the mediation of the *English* and *Dutch* Em-
bassadors, our ancient allies, to cultivate a lasting peace
between us, we have granted his request, and delivered his
ambassadors, who remain with us as hostages, our Im-
perial ratification, having first received his from their hands.

We have given our inviolable and salutary orders to right honourable and valiant Delvet Gherai, Han of Judgiak in Crim Tartary, Noghai and Circassia, and Ismael our sage Counsellor and noble Serasquier of Bender, (whom God preserve and augment their magnificence and wisdom) for your return thro' Poland, according to your first design, which has again been laid before us in your name. You must prepare therefore to set forward next winter, under the guidance of Providence, and with honourable guard, in order to return to your own territories, taking care to pass thro' Poland in a peaceable and friendly manner.

You shall be provided with every thing necessary for your journey by my Sublime Porte, as well money as men, horses and waggons. But we advise and exhort you above all things, to give the fullest and most express orders to the Swedes and other soldiers in your retinue, not to take any havock, or be guilty of any action that may either directly or indirectly tend to break this peace and alliance.

Hereby you will preserve our good-will, of which we shall endeavour to give you as great and frequent proofs as we shall have opportunities. The troops designed to attend you, shall receive orders agreeable to your imperial intentions in particular.

Given at our Sublime Porte of Constantinople the 10th of the month Rebyul Eureb. 1124, which answers the 19th of April 1712.

However, this letter did not put the King of Sweden entirely out of hopes. He wrote the Sultan and, that he was ready to go, and should always acknowledge the favours his Highness had heaped upon him; but he added, that he thought the Sultan too just to send him away with no other guard than that of a flying camp, into a country already over-run with the Czar's troops.

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Achmet was so little acquainted with what pass'd in *Poland*, that he sent an *Aga* to see whether the *Czar's* forces were still there or not. Two Secretaries of the King of *Sweden*, who understood *Turkish* language, accompanied the *Aga*, in order to confront him in case of a false report.

This *Aga* saw the forces with his own eyes, gave the *Sultan* a true account of the matter. *Achmet* in a rage was going to strangle the Grand Vizier, but the Favourite who protected him, and thought he might have occasion for him, obtained his pardon, and kept him some time longer in the Ministry.

The Grand Signor without more ado committed the *Moscovite* Embassadors, already as much us'd to go to prison, as an audience, to the seven Towers. War was declar'd afresh against the *Czar*, horse-tails display'd, and orders given to all the *Paishas*, to raise an army of 200000 fighting men. The *Sultan* himself quitted *Constantinople*, and fix'd his court at *Adrianople*, in order to be nearer the scene of the war.

In the mean time a solemn embassy from *Austria* and the Republick of *Poland* to the Grand Signor was upon the road at *Adrianople*. At the head of the embassy was the Palatine of *Masovia* with a retinue of above 300 persons.

These were all seized and imprisoned in the suburbs of the city. Never was the *Swedish* party fuller of hopes than upon this occasion: but these preparations came to nothing, and all their expectations were disappointed.

The *Divan* having thus determined *Charles's* *Ismael Sersaquier* of *Bender* repaired to *Varnitsa*, where the King was incamped, and acquainted him with the resolutions of the *Porte*, giving him to understand, in a civil manner, that there was no time for delay, but that he must be gone.

Charles made no other answer than this, That the Grand Signor had promised him an army, and not a word, and that Kings ought to keep their word. He told the Bascha of *Bender*, that he could not go, as he had wherewithal to pay his debts. For tho' *Thaim* had for a long time been regularly paid, his generosity had always forced him to borrow. The Bascha asked him, how much he wanted? The King answered at a venture, a thousand purses, which amounts to 1500000 livres of *French* money, full weight. The Bascha wrote to the Porte about it; and the Sultan, instead of 1000 purses, granted him 10000, which he sent to the Bascha with the following letter.

The Grand Signor's Letter to the Bascha of *Bender*.

THE design of this Imperial letter is to let you know, that upon your representation and request, and upon that of the right noble *Delvet Gherai Han*, to our Sublime Porte, our Imperial munificence has granted the King of Sweden a thousand purses, which shall be sent to *Bender* under the care and custody of the most illustrious *Mahomet Pacha*, formerly *Chiaoux Pachi*, to remain in your hands such time as the King of Sweden sets out, whose steps we direct, and then to be given him with two hundred purses more, as an overplus of our Imperial liberality beyond what he desires.

As to the rout of Poland, which he is resolved to take, and the Han, who are to attend him, shall be careful to take such prudent and wise measures, as may, during the whole passage, prevent the troops under your command, and those of the King of Sweden, from committing any robbery, or doing any other thing that may be thought a violation of the Peace subsisting between our Sublime Porte, the Realm and Republick of Poland, so that the King of Sweden may go as a Friend under our protection.

By doing this (which you are to desire of him in positive terms) he will receive all the honour and respect that due to his Majesty from the Poles, as we have been assured by the Embassadors of King Augustus and the Republick, who also on this condition have offered themselves and several others of the Polish Nobility, if required, as hostages for the security of his passage.

At the time that you and the right noble Delvet Grail shall agree upon for the march, you shall put your self at the head of your brave soldiers, among whom shall be the Tartars, with the Han at the head of them, and along with the King of Sweden and his men.

And may it please the only God, the Almighty, to direct your steps and theirs. The Bascha of Aulis shall continue at Bender, with a regiment of Spahi's, and another of Janisaries, to defend it in your absence. Now, by following our Imperial orders and intentions in all these points and articles, you will deserve the continuance of our Imperial Favour, as well as the praise and recompence due to such as observe them.

Given at our imperial Residence at Constantinople 2d day of the month Cheval 1124 of the Hegira.

Before the Grand Signor's answer arrived, the King had written to the Porte, to complain of the supposed treachery of the Kam. But the passages were well guarded, and the Ministry was against him, that his letters never came to the Sultan. Nay, the Visir would not suffer M. Desalleurs to come to Constantinople, where the Porte then was, lest that Minister who was the King of Sweden's agent, should endeavour to disconcert their design of sending him away.

Charles enraged to see himself in a manner hunted out of the Grand Signor's territories, resolved not to stir a step. He might have desired to return to the German territories, or take ship at the Black Sea in order to go to *Marseilles* up the *Mediterranean*. But he chose rather to ask nothing, and wait the event.

When the 1200 purses were arrived, his Treasurer Grothusen, who, by residing so long in *Turkey*, had learnt to speak the language, went to wait upon the *Basha* without an interpreter, in hopes to get the 1200 purses from him, and afterwards to form some new intrigue at the *Porte*; falsely imagining, as they always did, that the *Swedish* party would at length arm the *Ottoman* empire against the *Czar*.

Grothusen told the *Basha*, that the King's equipages could not be got ready without money. But we, says the *Basha*, shall defray all your expences. Your master will be at no charge, while he continues under my protection.

Grothusen replied, that the difference between the *Turkish* equipages, and those of the *Franks* was so great, that they were under a necessity of applying to the *Swedish* and *Polish* artificers at *Varnisfa*.

He assured him, that his master was willing to go, and that this money would facilitate and hasten his departure. The too credulous *Basha* gave him the 1200 purses, and within a few days came and desired the King in a very respectful manner to give orders for their departing. But he was extremely surprized, when the King told he was not ready to go, and that he wanted a thousand purses more. The *Basha*, confounded with this answer, was speechless for some time, and then went to a window, where he was seen to shed some tears. Afterwards, turning to the King, I shall lose my Head, says he, for having obliged your Majesty. I have given you the 1200 purses against the express order of my Sovereign. With these words he took his leave, and was going away full of grief, when the King stopped him, and told him, he would make an excuse for him to the *Sultan*. Ah! replied the *Turk*, as he was going out, My Master can punish faults, but not excuse them.

Ismael Basha went to acquaint the *Kam* of *Tartary* with the news. The *Kam* having received the same

order with the Basha, not to suffer the 1200 purses to be delivered before the King's departure, and having consented to the delivery of them, was as apprehensive of the Grand Signor's resentment as the Basha himself. They wrote both of them to the Porte to clear themselves, and entreated his Highness not to impute the King's refusal to their disobedience.

Charles persisting in the notion that the Kam and the Basha designed to deliver him up into the hands of his enemies, ordered Mr. Funk, his Envoy at the Ottoman court, to lay his complaints against them before the Grand Signor, and to ask for 1000 purses more. But he did it with a view to be refused, so that he might have a fresh pretence for not departing. All the answer he received was to be clapt in prison. The Sultan, in a passion, called an extraordinary Divan, and (which is very rarely done) spoke himself as follows.

I scarce ever knew the King of Sweden, but by his feat at Pultawa, and the request he made to me to grant him a sanctuary in my empire. I have not, I believe any need of him, nor any reason to love or fear him; without consulting any other motives than the hospitality of a Musulman, and my own generosity, which sheds the light of its favours upon the great as well as the little, upon Strangers as well as my own subjects, I have received and assisted him, his Ministers, Officers and Soldiers, in every respect, and for three years and a half have never taken my hand from loading him with presents.

I have granted him a very considerable guard to conduct him into his own country. He has asked for 1000 purses to defray some expences, tho' I pay them all. Instead of 1000 I have granted him 1200. After getting them out of the hands of the Serafquier of Bender, he demanded 1000 more, and refuses to go, under a pretence that the guard is too little, whereas it is but too large to pass the country of a friend and ally.

I ask you then, whether it is a breach of the laws of hospitality, to send this Prince away? And whether foreign princes ought to accuse me of cruelty or injustice, in case I should be obliged to make him go by force? All the Divan answered, that the Grand Signor might lawfully do what he had said.

The Mufti declared, that the Mussulmans are not bound to hospitality towards Infidels, much less towards the ungrateful, and he granted his *Festa*, a kind of mandate, which, for the most part, accompanies the important orders of the Grand Signor. These *Festa's* are revered as oracles, tho' the persons from whom they come are as much the Sultan's slaves as any others.

The Basha of *Bender* received the order at the Kam's, from whence he went immediately to *Varnitsa*, to know whether the King would go away in a friendly manner, or force him to execute the Sultan's orders.

Charles not used to this threatening language, could not command his temper. Obey your master, says he to the Basha, if you dare, and be gone out of my presence. The Basha went off in a rage, and meeting *Fabricius* by the way, he called out to him without stopping, the King won't hearken to reason; you'll see strange things presently. The same day he cut off the King's provisions, and removed the guard of Janissaries. He sent also to the *Poles* and *Cossacks* at *Varnitsa*, to let them know, that if they had a mind to have any provisions, they must leave the King of Sweden's camp, and come and put themselves under the protection of the Porte at *Bender*. They all obey'd, and left the King, with only the officers of his household and 300 Swedes, to cope with 20000 Tartars, and 6000 Turks. Now there was no more provision in the camp either for man or horse; and in the meantime the *Turks* and *Tartars* invested the little camp on all sides.

The King, with all the calmness in the world, appointed his 300 *Swedes* to make regular fortifications and worked at them himself. His Chancellor, Treasurer, Secretaries, Valet de Chambres, and all his domesticks, put their hands to the work. Some barricadoed the windows, others took the bars behind the doors, and planted them in form of buttresses.

In the mean time, every thing being ready for the assault, *Charles's* death seemed inevitable; but the Sultan's command being not positive to kill him, in case of resistance, the *Basha* prevailed upon the *Kam* to let him send an express that moment to *Adrianople*, where the Grand Signor then was, to receive his Highness's last orders.

At length the Grand Signor's order being come to put to the sword all the *Swedes* that should make the least resistance, and not to spare the life of the King; the *Bashaw* had the civility to shew *Fabricius* the order, to the intent that he might try his utmost to prevail upon *Charles*. *Fabricius* went immediately to acquaint him with this bad news. Have you seen the order you speak of? says the King. I have, replies *Fabricius*. Tell them then, says the King, that this order is a second forgery of theirs, and that I will not go. *Fabricius* tell at his feet, put himself in a passion, and reproached him with his obstinacy; but it was to no purpose. Go back to your Turks, says the King to him smiling, if they attack me, I know how to defend my self.

The King's chaplains also fell upon their knees before him, conjuring him not to expose the wretched remains of *Pultawa*, and, above all, his own sacred Person to certain death; adding besides, that resistance in this case was a most unwarrantable action, and that it was a violation of the laws of hospitality, to resolve to continue with strangers against their will, who had so long and generously supported him. The King, who had shewed no resentment against

For their

abricius, grew warm upon this occasion, and told his priests, that he took them to pray for him, and not to give him advice.

General *Hord* and General *Dardoff*, whose opinion had always been not to venture a battle, which in the consequence must prove fatal, shewed the King their breasts covered with wounds they received in his service; and assuring him, that they were ready to die for him; begged that it might at least be upon a more necessary occasion. *I know*, says the King, *your wounds and my own, that we have fought valiantly together. You have hitherto done your duty, do it again now.*

It was not long before they saw the *Turks* and *Tartars* advancing, in order of battle, to attack the castle fortress, with ten pieces of ordnance and two mortar-pieces. The horse-tails waved in the air, the cannons sounded, the cries of *Alla, Alla*, were heard on all sides. Baron *Grothusen* took notice that the *Turks* did not mix any abusive language against the King in their cries, but only called him *Demis-Bash*, which signifies *head of iron*, and resolved that moment to go alone and unarmed out of the fortifications. He advanced up to the line of the *Janisaries*, who had almost all of them received money from him. *Ah, what my friends!* says he to them in their own language, *are you come to massacre 300 defenceless Swedes? You brave Janisaries, who have pardoned 100000 Moscovites upon their crying Ammon, (i. e. pardon) to you: Have you forgot the kindness you have received from us? And would you assassinate that great King of Sweden, whom ye loved so much, and who has been so generous to you? My friends, he asks but three days, and the Sultan's orders are not so strict as you are made to believe.*

These words produced an effect which *Grothusen* himself did not expect. The *Janisaries* swore upon their beards, they would not attack the King, and that

that they would give him the three days he demanded. In vain was the signal given for the assault. The Janisaries far from obeying, threaten to fall upon their leaders, if three days were not granted to the King of Sweden. They came to the Basha of Bender's tent in a body, crying out that the Sultan's orders were forged. To this unexpected insurrection, the Basha had nothing to oppose but patience.

The Basha returning to Bender, assembled all the officers of the Janisaries and the oldest soldiers, and both read to them, and shewed them the positive order of the Sultan, and the *Mufti's Fesha*.

Sixty of the oldest of them, with venerable grey beards, who had received a thousand presents from the King's hand, offered to go in person to him, and intreat him to put himself into their hands, and permit them to serve him as guards.

But neither the proposal of the old Janisaries, nor *Poniatosky's* letters, could in the least convince the King, that it was possible for him to give way without injuring his honour. He chose rather to die by the hands of the *Turks*, than be in any manner their prisoner. He dismissed the Janisaries without seeing them, and sent them word, that if they did not go about their business, he'd shave their beards for them; which, in the East, is reckoned the most provoking affront that can be offered.

These old soldiers, fired with resentment, returned home crying, as they went, *Down with this head of iron! since he is resolv'd to perish, let him perish.* They gave the Basha an account of their commission, and acquainted their comrades at Bender with the strange reception they had met with. Upon this every one swore to obey the Basha's orders without delay; and they were now as impatient of going to the assault, as they had been averse to it the day before.

The word was given that moment. They march'd up to the intrenchments. The *Tartars* were already waiting for them, and the ten cannon began to play.

The *Janisaries* on one side, and the *Tartars* on the other, forced this little camp in an instant. Twenty *Swedes* had scarce time to draw their swords, before the whole 300 were surrounded, and taken prisoners without resistance. The King was then on horseback between his house and his camp, with the Generals, *Hord*, *Dardoff*, and *Sparre*; and seeing that all his soldiers had suffered themselves to be taken before his eyes, he said in cool blood to those three officers, *Let us go and defend the house. We'll fight*, adds he with a smile, *pro aris & facis*.

Immediately he gallops up to the house with them, where he had placed about forty domesticks as centinels, and which they had fortified in the best manner they could.

These Generals, however accustomed to the obstinate intrepidity of their master, could not help being surprized, that in cold blood, and with a jesting air, he should resolve to stand out against ten pieces of cannon and a whole army. They followed him with some guards and domesticks, to the number of twenty persons.

But when they came to the door, they found it beset with *Janisaries*. Besides, near 200 *Turks* or *Tartars* had already got in at a window, and made themselves masters of all the apartments, except a great hall, whither the King's domesticks had retired. It happened luckily, that this hall was near the door, at which the King purposed to enter with his little troop of twenty persons. He threw himself off his Horse with pistol and sword in hand, and his followers did the same.

The *Janisaries* fell upon him on all sides, being encouraged by the *Basha's* promise of eight ducats of gold

gold to each man that should but touch his clothe in case they could not take him. He wounded and killed all that came near him. A Janisary, whom he had wounded, clapp'd his blunderbuss to his face and if the arm of a *Turk* had not jostled him, occasioned by the crowd, that moved backwards and forwards like waves, the king had been killed. The ball grazed upon his nose, and took off a piece of his ear, and then broke General *Hord's* arm, whose fate it was to be always wounded by his master's side.

The King stuck his sword into the Janisary's breast, and at the same time his domesticks, who were shut up in the great hall, opened the door to him. He enters as swift as an arrow with his little troop, and in an instant they shut the door again, and barricade it with all they can find.

Thus was *Charles XII.* shut up in this hall with all his attendants, amounting to about threescore men. Officers, Guards, Secretaries, *Valet de Chambre's*, and domesticks of all kinds.

The Janisaries and *Tartars* pillaged the rest of the house, and filled the Apartments. Come, says the King, let us go and drive out these barbarians! and putting himself at the head of his men, he, with his own hands, opened the door of the hall, which faced his bed-chamber, goes into it, and fires upon the plunderers.

The *Turks* loaden with booty, being terrified at the sudden appearance of the King, whom they had been used to reverence, threw down their arms, and leapt out of the window, or fled into the cellars. The King taking advantage of the confusion they were in, and his own men being animated with this piece of success, they pursued the *Turks* from chamber to chamber, killed or wounded those that had not made their escape, and in a Quarter of an hour cleared the house of the enemy.

The King, in the heat of the fight, perceived two Janisaries who hid themselves under his bed. He thrust his sword through one of them, and killed him; but the other asked pardon, crying, *Amman*. Grant you your life, says the King, upon condition that you go and give the Basha a faithful account of what you have seen.

The Swedes at length become masters of the house, shut the windows again, and barricadoed them. In this situation, they had no want of arms, a ground-lumber full of muskets and powder having escaped the tumultuous search of the Janisaries. This they made a very seasonable use of, firing close upon the Turks thro' the windows, and killing 200 of them in less than half a quarter of an hour.

The cannon play'd against the house; but the stones being very soft, it only made holes in the wall, but demolished nothing.

The Kam of *Tartary*, and the Basha, who were desirous of taking the King alive, being ashamed to lose Time and Men, and employ an army against sixty persons, thought it proper to set fire to the house, in order to oblige the King to surrender. For this purpose, they ordered some arrows twisted about with lighted matches, to be shot upon the roof, and against the door and windows; by which means, the house was immediately in a flame. The roof all on fire was ready to tumble upon the Swedes. The King, with a very sedate air, gave orders to extinguish the fire; and finding a little barrel full of liquor, he laid hold of it himself, and with the assistance of two Swedes, threw it upon the place where the fire was most violent; then he discovered that it was full of brimstone. But the hurry which is inseparable from such a state of confusion, hindered him from thinking of it before.

A centinel named *Walberg*, ventured in this extremity to cry, that there was a necessity for surrendering.

ing. What a strange man, says the King, is this, imagine that it is not more glorious to be burnt, than to be taken prisoner! Another centinel, named *Rosen*, had the thought to say, that the Chancery-house, which was but fifty paces from the King's house, had a stone roof, and was proof against fire; that it would do well to sally out, and gain that house, and there stand upon their defence. *A true Swede*, cries the King; then he embraced him, and made him a colonel upon the spot.

The *Turks*, who all this while encompassed the house, were struck with fear and admiration, to see the *Swedes* continue in it, notwithstanding it was in flames. But they were much more surprized when they saw them open the doors, and the King and his men fall upon them in a desperate manner. *Charles* and his principal officers, were armed with sword and pistol. Every one fired two pistols at a time, the instant that the door opened; and in the twinkling of an eye, throwing away their pistols, and drawing their swords, they drove the *Turks* back the distance of fifty paces; but the moment after this little troop was surrounded. The King being booted, according to custom, threw himself down with his spurs. Immediately one and twenty Janisaries fell upon him, disarm him, and bear him away to the *Basha's* quarters, some taking hold of his arms, and others of his legs, as the manner is to carry a prisoner for fear of incommoding him.

As soon as the King saw himself in their hands, he looked upon the Janisaries with a smiling countenance, and they carried him, crying *Alla*, with a mixture of anger and respect in their faces. His officers were taken at the same time, and stript by the *Turks* and *Tartars*. It was on the 12th of February 1713, that this strange adventure happen'd.

The End of the Sixth Book.

THE

THE

HISTORY

OF

CHARLES XII.

KING of SWEDEN.

BOOK VII.

THE *Basha* of *Bender* waited with some state in his tent, expecting the King; and had by him one *Marco* for an Interpreter. He received the King with great respect, and prayed him to repose upon a *Sopha*, but the King took no notice of his civilities, and continued standing.

The next morning they conveyed the King in a chariot covered with scarlet towards *Adrianople*. While they were carrying this King disarmed and a prisoner, who not long before had given Law to so many countries, had been arbiter of the north, and the terror of all *Europe*; there happened to appear in the very same place another instance of the frailty of human greatness. King *Stanislaus* was seized in the *Turks* dominions, and carried prisoner to *Bender* at the same time that they were conveying *Charles* to *Adrianople*.

Stanislaus, unsupported by the hand that made him King, having no money, and consequently no friends in *Poland*, retired to *Pomerania*, and as he was not

able to preserve his own kingdom, had done his best to defend his benefactor's. But in going to take Advice of *Charles*, in relation to his abdicating the kingdom of *Poland*, he was stopp'd at *Yassi* in *Moldavia*. When he came near *Bender*, the *Basha*, who was returning back from *Charles*, sent him an *Arabian* horse with fine furniture.

Stanislaus was received at *Bender* with a discharge of the artillery; and bating that he was a prisoner, had no great cause to complain of his usage there.

As for *Charles*, he was going to *Adrianople*, and the town was full of discourse beforehand about the battle. The *Turks* both admired and blamed him; but the *Divan* was so exasperated, that they threatened to confine him in one of the islands in the *Archipelago*.

Some weeks after, there was a sudden change in the *Seraglio*, which the *Swedes* affirm was owing to a letter that had been delivered to the *Sultan* in the King their master's behalf. The *Mufti* was immediately deposed, the *Kam* of the *Tartars* banished to *Rhodes*, and the *Serasquier Basha* of *Bender* sent to an island in the *Archipelago*.

In the mean time, *Charles* was carried to a little castle called *Demirtash*, near *Adrianople*, where multitudes of *Turks* were waiting to see him alight. He was conveyed out of the chariot to the castle upon a *Sopha*; but that he might not be seen, he put a cushion over his head.

He was buried here in oblivion and inactivity for about eleven months; which following close upon the most violent exercise, made that illness real, which he had some time feigned. In *Europe*, they verily thought him dead; and the *Regency* which he settled when he left *Stockholm*, hearing nothing from him, the *Senate* waited on the *Princess Ulric Eleonora*, to desire she would take the *Regency* in her brother's absence. She did accept of it; but finding the *Senate* had a mind to force her to a peace with the *Czar*

and *Denmark*, that on every side were falling upon *Sweden*, which she knew the King would never ratify, she resigned the Regency, and wrote him a full Account of the matter to *Turky*.

The King received her letters at *Demotia*, and those despotick notions which he had early imbibed made him quite forget that ever *Sweden* had been a free state, or that the Senate used to share in the government of it with their former Kings.

Wherefore, to prevent any attempts in *Sweden* against his authority, and that he might defend his country, hoping nothing more now from the *Ottomans*, but depending only on himself: he signified to the Grand Vizir his desire to be gone, by the way of *Germany*.

So the day was set; and *Charles* before he went was willing to make a figure as a King, notwithstanding the wretched condition he was in. He made *Grothusen* his Ambassador extraordinary, and sent him in form to take his leave at *Constantinople* with a train of fourscore persons richly dressed.

On the first of *October* 1718. the King began his journey. A *Capagi Basha*, with six *Chinoux*, went to attend him from *Demirtash*, whither he had removed a few days before. The presents they brought him from the Grand Signor were, a large tent of scarlet embroidered with gold, a sabre set with jewels, eight beautiful *Arabian* horses with fine saddles and stirrups of massive silver.

The convoy consisted of threescore carriages, laden with all sorts of provision, and three hundred horse.

When he came to the *Turkish* frontiers, *Stanislau* was going thence another way into *Germany*, intending to retire into the Duchy of *Deux Ponts*. *Charles* assigned to *Stanislau* the revenue of this Duchy, which was then reckoned to be about seventy thousand crowns.

When the King of Sweden came to the German frontiers, he found the Emperor had given orders for his reception every where with proper state. Wherever harbingers had fixed his route, great preparations were making to entertain him; and a world of people came to behold the man, whose conquests and misfortunes, whose least actions, nay, and lying still, had made so much noise both in Europe and in Asia. But Charles had no mind to so much pomp, or to make a shew of the prisoner of Bender: but was rather thinking how he might retrieve his ill fortune with some noble stroke before he came back to Stockholm.

So dismissing his Turkish attendants at Targowitz on the borders of Transylvania; he called his people together in a yard, and bid them take no thought for him, but make the best of their way to Stralsund in Pomerania, about three hundred leagues from thence, up the Baltick Sea.

He took no body with him, but one During, a young man, whom he made a Colonel afterwards. He parted cheerfully with his officers, leaving them in great confusion and concern for him. For in disguise he wore a black peruke, instead of his own hair, a gold laced hat, grey clothes, and a blue cloak passing for a German Officer, and rid post with only Colonel During.

Having rid all the first day without stopping, During not being used to such fatigues, fainted away when he came to alight. The King would not stay a moment, but asked During, *What money he had?* he said, *About a thousand crowns.* Give me half, says the King. *I see you cannot go on; I'll go without you.* During begged he would but stay three hours, and he was sure, by that time he should be able to go on, and desired him to consider the danger of going alone. The King would not be persuaded, but made him give him the five hundred crowns, and called for horses.

During

During, afraid of what might happen, bethought himself of this contrivance. He takes the Post-master aside: *Friend, say he, this is my cousin, we are going upon business together, and you see he won't stay for me but three hours; prithee give him the worst horse you have; and let me have a post chaise, or some such thing.*

He put a couple of ducats into the man's hand, and was obeyed punctually: so the King had a horse that was both lame and resty. Away he went about ten at night, through the snow, and Wind, and rain. His fellow-traveller, after a few hours rest, set out again in a chaise with very good horses. About break of day he overtook the King, with his horse tired, and walking towards the next stage.

Then he was forced to get in with *During*, and slept upon the straw; and afterwards they never stopped, but went on, on horseback all day, and sleeping in a chaise all night.

Thus, in sixteen days riding, and often in danger of being taken, he came at last upon the 21st of November 1714, to the gates of *Stralsund*, about one in the morning.

The King said, he was a Courier from the King in *Turkey*, and must speak immediately with General *Duker* the Governour. The Centinel told him, it was too late, the Governour was a-bed, and he must stay till day-light.

The King said it was an affair of consequence; and declared if he did not go directly and wake the Governour, they should all be hanged in the morning. At last a Serjeant went and called the Governour; and *Duker*, thinking it might be some General Officer, ordered the gates to be opened, and the Courier was brought up to his chamber.

Duker, rubbing his eyes, asked, *What news of his Majesty?* The King took him by the shoulder, *What, says he, Duker, have my best subjects forgot me?* the General

General could scarce believe his eyes, and jumping out of bed, embraced his Master's knees with tears of joy. The news was all over the town in an instant. Every body got up; the soldiers came about the Governour's house. The streets were full of people, asking if the news were true? The windows were illuminated, the conduits ran with wine, and the artillery fired.

However, the King was put to bed, which was more than he had been for sixteen days; they were forced to cut off his boots, his legs were so swollen with the fatigue. He had neither linen, nor clothes; and they provided in haste whatever they could find to fit him. When he had slept some hours, the first thing he did was to review his troops, and examine the fortifications. And that very day he sent out orders into all parts for renewing the war with more vigour than ever against all his enemies.

But *Sweden* had lost all her foreign provinces, and had neither trade, nor money, nor credit; her veteran troops were either killed, or died for want. Above 100000 *Swedes* were slaves in *Moscow*; and as many more sold to the *Turks* and *Tartars*. The very species of men was visibly decayed in the country; but notwithstanding all this, their hopes revived as soon as ever they heard their King was come to *Straelsund*.

Such strong impressions of admiration and respect reigned in the hearts of all his subjects, that multitudes of young people came out of all parts of the country, and offered themselves to be lifted, hardly leaving hands enough at home for cultivating their lands.

The End of the Seventh Book.

T H

(153)

T H E

H I S T O R Y

O F

C H A R L E S X I I .

K I N G of S W E D E N .

B O O K V I I I .

TH E King, during these preparations, gave his only sister, *Ulrica Eleonora* in marriage to *Frederick* Prince of *Hesse Cassel*.

This marriage was not honoured with the King's presence, who was now busy in finishing the fortifications of *Straelsund*, a place of great importance, which was in danger from the Kings of *Denmark* and *Prussia*. However, he made his brother-in-law Generalissimo of all the *Swedish* forces. This Prince had served the States General in the *French* war, and was esteemed a good soldier, which went a good way towards his match with *Charles's* sister.

At the mouth of the *Oder*, a river that divides *Pomerania*, and passing by *Stetin* falls into the *Baltick*, there is a little island called *Usedom*.

Its situation makes it a place of vast importance; for it commands the *Oder* both on the right and left, and whoever has it, is master of the navigation of that river. The King of *Prussia* had dislodged the *Swedes* from thence, keeping that as well as *Stetin* in his

his hands, and said he did it purely for the sake of peace. The *Swedes* however had retaken it in 1715, and held two forts there, which were manned only with 250 *Pomeranians*, commanded by an old *Swedish* officer named *Dustep* or *Dusterp*, a man who well deserves to be remember'd.

The King of *Prussia* sent 1500 foot, and 800 dragoons into the island. They landed without opposition on the side of *Suine*, which the *Swedish* officer had left, being a place of least importance, and unwilling to divide his little company, he retired with them into the castle of *Penamondre*, resolving to hold out to the last extremity.

So they were forced to make a siege in all the forms. They shipped artillery at *Stetin*, and sent in a reinforcement of 1000 *Prussian* foot and 400 horse. Soon after they opened the trenches in two places, and played a brisk fire of cannon and mortars. In the time of the siege, a *Swedish* soldier, sent privately with a letter from *Charles*, found means to land on the island, and slip into *Penamondre*. He gave the letter to the commander, which was in these words.

DO not fire, till the enemy comes to the brink of the fosse: stand on your defence till the last drop of blood. I commend you to your good fortune.

CHARLES.

Dusterp, reading the note, resolved to obey, and die, as he was bid, to serve his Master. By break of day the assault was given. The besieged made their fire as directed, and killed abundance; but the fosse was full, the breach large, and the besiegers too numerous. They entered in two different places at once. The commander now thought he had nothing more to do, than to obey his orders, and sell his life dear: he abandoned the breaches, intrenched his little company, who had all honour and courage enough

to go with him, and placed them so that they should not be surrounded. The enemy came on, wondering he would not ask for quarter. But he fought a whole hour, and when he had lost half his soldiers, was killed at last with his Lieutenant and his Major. There were then a hundred men left, and one officer, who asked their lives, and were taken prisoners. In the Commander's pocket they found his Master's letter, which was carried to the King of Prussia.

At the time when Charles sustained the loss of *Usedom*, and the neighbouring islands which were quickly taken, while *Wismar* was ready to surrender, with no fleet to help, and *Sweden* in the utmost danger, he himself was in *Straelsund*, and there besieged by 36000 men.

There was in it a garrison of 9000 men, and more than all, the King of *Sweden* himself. The Kings of *Denmark* and *Prussia* besieged it with an army of 360000 men, consisting of *Prussians*, *Danes*, and *Saxons*.

Over-against *Straelsund*, upon the *Baltick*, is the island of *Rugen*, which serves for a defence to this place, whither the garrison and people could retire upon occasion, if they had but boats. This island was of great consequence to *Charles*; for he knew if once the enemy were masters of it, he should soon be invested both by sea and land, and probably bury'd in the ruins of *Straelsund*, or else a prisoner to those whom he had before so much despised, and used so hardly. However, the ill state of his affairs had not allowed him to send a sufficient garrison to *Rugen*, there being no more than 2000 regular troops in all upon the island.

The enemy had been for three months making all proper dispositions for a descent thither, which was very difficult: but having built boats for the purpose, the Prince of *Anhalt*, by the favour of good weather,

weather landed at last 12000 men upon the place, on the 15th of November.

That very day the King had been defending an outwork for three hours, and coming back very much fatigued, he was told that the Danes and Prussians were in Rugen. It was eight o'clock at night, and he went directly in a fisher-boat with Poniatowsky, Grothusen, During, Dardorf, and by nine he got to the island. He joined his two thousand men, that were entrenched near a little haven about three leagues from where the enemy had landed. He marched with them at midnight in great silence. The Prince of Anhalt had used a caution that seemed unnecessary, to entrench his camp. His Officers expected nothing in the night, and little thought but Charles was safe at Straelsund. But the Prince, who knew Charles much better, order a deep fosse with chevaux de frize upon the edge of it, and took as much precaution as if he had to do with an army of superior force.

At two in the morning Charles came to the enemies camp, without making the least noise. His soldiers said to one another, Come, let us pull up the chevaux de frise; which words were overheard by the Centinels; and the alarm being quickly given, the enemies stood quick to their arms. The King taking up the chevaux de frise, sees a great fosse, and says he, impossible! this is more than I expected! Not at all discouraged, and knowing nothing of their numbers, nor they of his, for the night favoured him in that, he resolved in an instant, jumped into the ditch, and some of the boldest with him, and all the rest were quickly after him. The chevaux de frize were removed, the earth levelled, with trunks and branches of trees as they could find them, and the bodies of the dead for fascines. The King, the Generals, and the boldest of the Officers and soldiers got on one another's shoulders, as in assaults. The

fight

fight began in the enemies camp; and the vigour of the *Swedes* put the *Danes* and *Prussians* into great disorder; but their numbers being too unequal, the *Swedes* were repulsed in about a quarter of an hour; and repassed the *fossé*. The unfortunate King rallied his troops in the field, and the fight was renewed with equal warmth on both sides. He saw his favourite *Grothusen* and General *Dardorf* fall, and passed over the last in fighting before he was quite dead. During, his companion from *Turkey* to *Straelsund*, was killed before his face.

The King himself was shot near the left breast. Count *Poniatosky* was near, who having saved his life before at *Pultawa*, had the good fortune to do the like again at *Rugen*, and remounted him.

The *Swedes* retired to a part of the island named *Alseferra*, where there was a fort they were yet masters of. From thence the King returned to *Straelsund*, obliged to leave those brave troops who had served him so well in that expedition: and they were all made prisoners of war in two days after.

One day as the King was dictating to a Secretary some dispatches for *Sweden*, a bomb falling on the house, came through the roof, and burst very near his room. Part of the floor fell down; but the closet where he was being worked into a thick wall, was undisturbed; and by great good fortune none of the splinters came in at the door, tho' it was open. In this noise and confusion the Secretary dropped his pen, and thought the house was coming down. *What ails you*, says the King very calmly, *why don't you write?* The man could only bring out, *The bomb, Sir!* *Well*, says the King, *and what has that to do with our business?* go on.

In four days the enemy made an assault upon the hornwork, which they took twice, and were beaten off. The King was always fighting among the gro-
nadiers; but at last their number prevailing, they

became masters of it. *Charles* continued in the place two days after that, and staid till midnight upon the ravelin that was quite destroyed by the bombs and cannon. The next day the chief Officers entreated him to stay no longer in a place which could not be defended. But to retreat was now as dangerous as to stay. The *Baltick* was covered with *Muscovite* and *Danish* ships, and the King, after great danger landed at *Isted* in *Scandinavia*, and came to *Carelskrona* in a very different condition from what he had gone in from thence fifteen years before in a ship of 12 guns, to give law to all the north.

Charles was going to make a second attempt upon *Norway*, in *October* 1718, and he had laid matters so that he did not doubt to be master of the country in six months. The winter is severe enough in *Sweden*, to kill the animals that live there; but he chose to go and conquer rocks, where for snow and ice it is much worse, rather than try to regain his beautiful provinces in *Germany*; but he hoped his new alliance with the *Czar* would put him soon in a condition to retake them. Besides, his ambition was pleased with the thought of taking a kingdom from his conquering enemy.

At the mouth of the river *Tistendall*, near the border of *Denmark*, between *Bahus* and *Anslo*, stands *Fredersburgh*, a place of great strength and importance, which is reckoned to be the key of that kingdom. *Charles* sat down before it in the month of *December*. The cold was so extreme, that the soldiers could hardly break the ground. They might as well have opened trenches in a rock; but the *Swedes* thought much of no fatigues in which they saw their King take his share so readily; and *Charles* himself did never suffer more than now. His constitution by eighteen years labour was hardened to that degree, that he would sleep in the open field here in *Norway*, the midst of winter, upon boards or straw, covered

only with his cloak, without prejudicing his health. Some of the soldiers in their posts fell down dead with cold, and others that were ready to die durst not complain when they saw their King bear it. A little before this expedition, hearing of a woman in *Scandinavia*, named *Joan Dotter*, that had lived several months upon nothing but water; he, who had studied all his life to bear the worst extremes that human nature can support, was resolved to try how long he was able to fast. He neither eat nor drank for five days, and on the sixth, in the morning, he rid two leagues to his brother's the Prince of *Hesse*, where he eat very heartily, without feeling the least disorder, either from his long fasting, or his full eating afterwards.

With such a body of iron, and a soul of so much strength and courage, in every condition, there was not one of all his neighbours that did not fear him.

On the 11th of *December*, being *St. Andrew's day*, he went about nine at night to see the trenches; and finding the parallel not advanced to his mind, he was a little vexed at it; but *Monf. Megret*, a French Engineer, that conducted the siege, assured him, the place would be taken in eight days time. *We shall see*, says the King, *what can be done*; and going on with the Engineer to examine the works, he stopped at a place where the *boyau* made an angle with the parallel, and kneeling upon the inner *sabot*, he leaned with his elbows on the parapet, to look upon the men that were carrying on the trenches by star-light.

The least circumstances are taken notice of, that relate to the death of so great a man as *Charles XII.* must therefore take upon me to say, that all the conversation that has been reported by several Writers, and *M. de la Motraye* among the rest, between the King and *Megret* the Engineer, is absolutely false.

And this is what I know to be the truth of the business.

The King stood with half his body exposed to a battery of cannon exactly levelled at the angle where he was. Not a soul was near him, but two *Frenchmen*, one was Monsieur *Siker* his Aid-de-camp, a man of great courage and conduct, who came into his Service in *Turkey*; and was particularly attached to the Prince of *Hesse*; the other was this engineer. The cannon fired with chain shot, to which the King stood more exposed than any of them. Not far behind was Count *Swerin*, who commanded the trenches. Count *Posse*, Captain of the guards, and one *Kulbert* an Aid-de-camp received his orders. *Siker* and *Megret* saw the King the moment he fell upon the parapet, fetching a deep sigh. They ran to him, but he was quite dead. A ball of half a pound had struck him on the right temple, and made a hole big enough to turn three fingers in. His head lying over the parapet. The left eye was beat in, and the right quite out of its socket. He was dead in an instant; but he had the force in that instant to put his hand to the guard of his sword, and lay in that posture. At this, *Megret*, a man of great indifference, said, *Let us be going, the play is done.* *Siker* ran immediately, and told Count *Swerin*, and they all agreed to keep it private till the Prince of *Hesse* could be inform'd of it. They covered the corps with a grey cloak; *Siker* put him on his hat and wig, and he was carry'd by the name of Captain *Carlson* thro' the troops, who saw their dead King pass, little thinking who it was.

The Prince gave orders presently, that none should stir out of the camp, and that all the passes to *Sweden* should be guarded, till he could take measures for his wife to claim the crown, and to exclude the Duke of *Holstein*, who might possibly pretend to it.

Thus fell *Charles XII.* King of *Sweden*, at the age of six and thirty years and a half, having known the extremes of prosperity, and of adversity, without being softened by the one, or in the least disturbed at the other. All his actions, even those of his private life, are almost beyond any measure of probability. Perhaps he was the only Man, to be sure he was the only King, that ever had lived without failings. He carried all the Virtues of a Hero to that excess, that they became faults, and were as dangerous as any of the opposite vices. His resolution grown to obstinacy, occasioned his misfortunes in *Ukrania*, and kept him five years in *Turkey*. His liberality degenerating into profusion, ruined *Sweden*. His courage becoming rashness, was the occasion of his death. His Justice has been sometimes cruelty: and in his latter years, the maintaining his prerogative came not far short of tyranny. His great qualities, any one of which had been enough to make another Prince immortal, were a misfortune to his country. He never began a quarrel with any, but he was rather over warm than wise in his resentment. He was the first that ever had the ambition to be a conqueror, without wishing to encrease his dominions. His desire to gain kingdoms, was only that he might give them away. The passion he had for glory, for war, and for revenge, made him too little of a politician, without which the world never before saw any Prince a conqueror. Before a battle he was full of confidence, exceeding modest after a victory, and in a defeat undaunted. Sparing others no more than he did himself, he made a small account of his own or his subjects lives or labours; a man extraordinary rather than a great man, and fitter to be admired than imitated. His life, however, may be a lesson to Kings, and teach them, that a peaceful and happy reign is more to be desired than so much glory.

Charles

Charles XII. was tall and well shaped, he had a fine forehead, large blue eyes full of sweetness, and a handsome nose: but the lower part of his face was disagreeable, and often the worse for his laugh, which was very unbecoming; he had little beard or hair; he spoke little, and it was habitual to him to answer only with that laugh. At his table there was always great silence. With all that inflexible temper of his, he was timorous and bashful, and often at a loss in company: for having given himself so wholly up to war, he knew but little of conversation. Before his long leisure in *Turkey*, he had never read any thing but *Cæsar's* commentaries and the history of *Alexander*. But he had writ some observations upon war and his own campaigns, from 1700 to 1709, which he owned to the *Chevalier de Folard*, and said the manuscript was lost at the unfortunate battle of *Pultawa*.

As to religion, though the sentiments of a Prince need not influence those of other men; and the opinion of a King so ill informed as *Charles*, can be of no great Weight in such matters; yet it is proper that men's curiosity should be satisfied in this as well as other particulars concerning him. I have it from the Gentleman who gave me most of the materials of this history, that *Charles* was a serious *Lutheran* till the year 1707; he then saw the famous Philosopher *Mons. Leibnitz* at *Leipsick*, who was a great free-thinker, and talked very freely, having instilled his notions into more Princes besides this. *Charles* learned from this Philosopher a good deal of indifference for *Lutheranism*; which he carried afterwards much farther, when he had more time in *Turkey*, and had seen so many sorts of professions.

Of all his old opinions he retained but one, which was absolute predestination, a doctrine that favoured his courage, and justified his rash adventures. The *Czar* had much the same opinions as to religion

and

and fate: but he was more free to talk of them, as he did of every thing else with his favourites very familiarly; for he had this advantage over *Charles*, that he had studied Philosophy, and was a good speaker.

I cannot help taking notice here of a slander that is too often spread by credulous or ill-meaning people, who will have it, that when Princes die, they were either poisoned or assassinated: And the story went in *Germany*, that *Monsieur Siker* was the man that killed the King of *Sweden*. That brave officer was very uneasy at the report a good while; and one day talking of it to me, he said these very words, *I might have killed the King of Sweden, but I had such a veneration for the Hero, that tho' I had intended it, I could not offer to do it.*

As soon as he was dead, the siege of *Frederickshall* was raised. The *Swedes*, who thought his glory rather a burthen than a happiness, made peace with all their neighbours as fast as they could, and soon put an end to that absolute power which *Baron Goerts* had made them weary of. The States went to a free election of *King Charles's* sister for their Queen, and obliged her solemnly to renounce her hereditary right to the crown, holding it only by the people's choice. She promised with repeated oaths, never to set up arbitrary power; and afterwards, her love of power giving way to conjugal affection, she yielded the crown to her husband, and brought the States to chuse him, who ascended the throne upon the same conditions.

Baron Goerts was seized immediately upon *Charles's* death, and condemned by the Senate of *Stockholm* to be beheaded under the gallows; an instance rather of revenge than justice, and a cruel insult on the memory of a King whom *Sweden* yet admires.



Handwritten signature or initials, possibly "L. Z."